

THE FORUM

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EVERY MAN HIS OWN BANKER

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I

ALTHOUGH at the time only a small boy, I still have a vivid recollection of the scarcity of fractional currency in the earlier part of our Civil War. The stringency was so acute that the issue of paper money to take the place of the silver which had been hoarded could not await the pleasure of the Government. It had to be taken in hand immediately by every butcher, baker and candlestick-maker. When the housewife presented her dollar bill to the butcher for a pound of meat that cost twelve cents he gave her as change an order on himself to the amount of eighty-eight cents. With this order she went next door to the baker and bought a loaf of bread for ten cents and received as change an order for seventy-eight cents which she expended, as the day progressed, in other purchases, obtaining similar orders as change; and thus every tradesman became his own banker and manufactured his own money by converting his commodities into currency. It was an episode indicative of universal trust and confidence of each man in his neighbor—an ideal condition, based on the belief not only of the absolute honesty but also of the unerring business judgment of every tradesman whose order on himself circulated as money.

There are no statistics as to the extent of this commodity currency or the degree at which it was finally redeemed. It is certain that its duration was short, as the Government soon stepped on the scene with its fractional currency from three cents up, which, though greatly depreciated during the course of the war, nevertheless was found more satisfactory than the ideal currency which it displaced.

I surmise that but few of the butchers and bakers and grocers who became their own bankers, were aware of the fact that they were adopting theories which were capable of universal application, and probably none of them had ever heard of Monsieur François Bonnard and his "Bank of Exchange," which actually lived and for a time flourished in Marseilles and Paris from 1849 to 1859. Basing himself on the writings of the physiocrats, who taught that money was merely a medium of exchange and not wealth, Bonnard founded an institution whose object it was to enable every member to place at the disposition of every other member such of his worldly goods as he did not want in order to obtain therefor such as he desired to have. For instance, as described in one of his circulars: a sculptor being proprietor of land in an unfavorable location that could not be sold for money, transferred this property to the institution in exchange for orders on groceries and other necessities of life or of his art. A builder who owned a mortgage that had defaulted, preferring this unfavorably situated land to his unprofitable mortgage, exchanged it for the mortgage. This mortgage was subsequently sold to a member who had been saddled with some second-hand furniture which he could not dispose of but which the institution could utilize, while the builder finally succeeded in getting rid of his land by transferring it partly to his creditors and partly to his laborers for their wages.

The operations of this Bank were apparently as complicated as some of those intricate family relationships where it finally turns out that a man is his own grandfather. But nevertheless, as it survived for ten years, its basis was not chimerical and it is quite possible that had Bonnard succeeded in founding thousands of institutions of the same kind, he might eventually have brought about a system of production which would have made bankers redundant and useless and the money power would then have disappeared from the land. However, his "Bank of Exchange," like the horse that had been trained to live without fodder and unfortunately died before the experiment had had a real chance of being tried out, ended in bankruptcy before he was able to have his ideas generally accepted.

My own introduction into economic studies was made

through reading Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, and like most of the students of my generation, I came under the spell of his inimitable style and cogent reasoning. I fully agreed with him that it is folly to consider money as wealth, and ridiculed with him the so-called "mercantile" theory under which the nations of the world had for many centuries before our own enlightened times been obsessed with the fury of amassing gold, and shaped their policies so as to produce a so-called favorable balance of trade by means of which they hoped to let none of the gold of their country go out and to compel all the gold of other countries to come in. And I was fully imbued with the idea that the only way in which a country could increase its wealth through foreign trade was by exporting gold, which is a useless commodity, in exchange for those which are useful.

My first panic, however, taught me that the antiquated policy regarding gold, foolish as it might appear to our vision enlightened by Adam Smith and his successors for over one hundred years, nevertheless still ruled the affairs of the world. The one cry that was then heard above all others was for gold and the first importation of that commodity, which could be used for neither food nor clothes, was hailed like a relieving army by the starving garrison of a beleaguered fortress.

The most impressive spectacle which I witnessed in those perilous times was that of the great merchants and manufacturers—captains of industry—rushing to their safe deposit vaults in order to draw from them what they could sell or what they could pawn.

But why were these men whose warehouses and factories were chockful of cotton and woollen and leather goods, all necessities of life, compelled to resort to their safe deposit vaults and draw upon their investments outside of their stock of goods, in order to pay their debts and thus remain solvent, maintain their business organizations, and pay the wages of their laborers? Why could they not do like the butcher and baker and grocer of my childhood days and convert their commodities into money, if not directly, at least indirectly through their banks? It was because of the money power. And this did not consist of the Morgans and the Rockefellers. In fact, it was the interest of

the Morgans and the Rockefellers to use their mighty resources to stem the tide and avert the impending catastrophe. It was the money power of Tom, Dick and Harry, who feared for the safety of their deposits, and thus either for the purpose of protecting their own solvency or of placing themselves in the position of purchasing securities at sacrifice prices, withdrew those deposits and hoarded their money, and so withdrew from the banks the ability to help merchants to convert their commodities rapidly into money by means of loans.

The only hope in those times, therefore, seemed to be to increase the volume of money by importation of gold, or to attract the money hoarded at home by sacrificing securities on the Stock Exchange. And so the only loans that the banks were able or willing to make to the merchants were not on their wealth as stored in their warehouses and factories or on their book accounts for merchandise sold, but on such as could be pawned in the form of securities that could be converted into money at any moment on the Stock Exchange notwithstanding the panic. And this because only loans on call against Stock Exchange securities could be relied upon to meet the demands of the bank's own creditors—the depositors—whose names, on the whole sound much more like Messrs. Thomas, Richard and Henry than like Messrs. Rockefeller and Morgan.

Several truths in relation to banking impressed themselves upon me strongly in consequence of this and subsequent panics:

First. Money lending on the part of a bank has two completely distinct aspects—lending on securities and lending on credit; and securities themselves are of two distinct classes, viz., those which have a ready market on the Stock Exchange and those which have not.

Second. The easiest and simplest method for a bank to lend its funds and at the same time the one involving the least responsibility and resulting in the least profit is that of lending money on call on securities which have a ready market on the Stock Exchange. It requires comparatively little experience to read the quotations and fix the margins on which the money is to be loaned. It requires, on the other hand, great experience, knowledge of human nature and intimate insight into the affairs

of the various borrowers in order to be successful in lending on credit.

Third. Ordinarily there is very little if any preference shown by banks in the lending on Stock Exchange securities, as there is no greater leveller than a Stock Exchange quotation. A merchant or a manufacturer may have greater or less skill in marketing his products while the owner of marketable securities, no matter who he may be, can go to any member of the Stock Exchange, no matter who he may be, and convert his securities into money on short notice, be he rich or poor, wise or foolish, honest or dishonest. If the bank, therefore, lends on such securities and the margin is not kept, it can immediately realize, and therefore the character of the borrower is of minor importance. Nevertheless, in times of panic when the lending power becomes restricted by the withdrawal of deposits, the bank discriminates among the borrowers, not on account of preference for securities but on account of relations which the borrowers may have with the bank; and of course its largest depositors, or those who can influence most business in favor of the bank, will then have preference.

Fourth. Whatever the ultimate cause of panics may be the proximate cause is the withdrawal of deposits from banks, as this compels them to restrict their loans, with the result that merchants and manufacturers who borrow on their credit can no longer be satisfactorily accommodated, as depositors must be paid on demand and therefore will not wait for the maturity of promissory notes.

Fifth. The overwhelming position occupied by what is known as Wall Street during a panic does not arise therefore out of its control of money or as a *money* power, but by its control of assets that are immediately convertible into money, and therefore by its control of the lendable funds—that is to say, by its *borrowing* power—the money itself being still owned by the public at large.

Sixth. The hold, therefore, which Wall Street obtains on the funds of the banks cannot be broken by any legislation that aims at the so-called money power, but only by legislation which equalizes the borrowing conditions and such borrowing condi-

tions cannot be equalized by any legislation as long as banks must respond at a moment's notice to the demands of their own depositors, which in times of panic are overwhelming, with no other means of doing this except by the sales of securities.

Our legislation must therefore aim at securing the same facility for immediate liquidation of loans on credit that now exists for loans on Stock Exchange securities, in this merely following the example of the leading European countries, where panics have been unknown for a long period of years because the promissory note based on credit of the merchants and manufacturers, farmers and planters can be as readily converted into money as Stock Exchange securities; and even more satisfactorily, as enforced liquidation on the Stock Exchange involves enormous sacrifices in the value of the securities, while the conversion of commercial credit into money, according to the European method, is accomplished at par.

Seventh. As a corollary of the above, I have also drawn the conclusion that our legislation against trusts, which has been so ineffective in the past, must remain abortive as long as the discrimination which our present banking methods of necessity exercise against the credit of the producer and merchant in favor of the investor or speculator in Stock Exchange securities, is not corrected by legislation. It has been said that tariff is the mother of trusts, but this generalization is too narrow. It is inequality in competition combined with a faulty banking system that has produced the concentration of capital which we call a trust. It was discrimination against the commercial paper of the average manufacturer and the average merchant, who for many years were constantly working under the dread of bankruptcy, which caused them to prefer to give up their independence and convert their property into a Stock Exchange security; and trusts will continue to be born as long as this discrimination continues: that is to say, as long as it becomes impossible for a village blacksmith to become his own banker in the sense that the owner of Stock Exchange securities is to-day his own banker—as long as he is deprived of an equal facility of converting his commercial transactions into money by means of

loans based on his credit—he will be tempted either to combine or quit.

II

The panic of 1907 was distinguished from its predecessors by an extraordinary development of what is called "Clearing House Loan Certificates," different from the orders of the butchers and bakers of my childhood's days in that they were based not on the assets of an individual, but on the solid foundation of the combined assets of the great associations of banks known as Clearing Houses. But aside from this, that panic marks an epoch in our economic history, as through the indomitable energy of Senator Aldrich Congress took notice of our monetary situation in a twofold manner: by enacting a law providing for a temporary emergency currency to the extent of \$500,000,000, and creating a commission to study the money question with the view of preparing recommendations for permanent reform. This commission, under the presidency of Senator Aldrich, has been most assiduous in its labors. It has collected extremely valuable material not only in this country, but throughout the whole civilized world, and has earned for itself the gratitude of all our citizens, rich and poor alike. Its labors have now culminated in a Bill introduced on January 9, which has for its main purpose the establishment of an institution under the name of "The National Reserve Association of the United States" which shall have the right to issue currency based on promissory notes of merchants, manufacturers, farmers and planters, thus providing a credit currency distinct from our asset currency based on investments—that is to say, bank-notes based on credit, distinct from and for a time at least, in addition to, our national bank-notes, based on assets in the form of Government Bonds. This credit currency differs in no wise, in principle, from the negotiable commercial paper now having a limited and conventional circulation, as it merely substitutes one promise to pay for another; but it is vastly different in its results, as it substitutes for the limited credit of the merchant, manufacturer,

farmer and planter, based on individual confidence, a universally acknowledged credit based on universal confidence in the ability of the institution issuing the notes to convert them into gold on demand.

That we have suffered untold ills from the absence of such a currency, which in one form or another constitutes the main circulating medium of all civilized countries except our own, is an indisputable fact, and that the reform proposed by the monetary commission is a pressing necessity, I believe all students of the question will be inclined to admit. The details of the reform are, however, open to debate, and as Senator Aldrich in his most interesting address to the Economic Club invited the criticism of all business men, I feel myself impelled to contribute my mite to the great work which he has in hand.

III

The poet Racine, writing in 1690, relates that upon taking inventory of a deceased gentleman's estate a gold dollar was found carefully wrapped up, with the remark: "This dollar is set aside for the rent of a seat to see a financier hanged." In our less bloodthirsty age even the extremists are content with seeing him safely in jail; the more moderate are satisfied with having him handcuffed, figuratively: so as, at least, to hold his clutches off other people's money.

The monetary commission, in conformity with this sentiment in its mildest form, devotes sixteen sections of its Bill to provisions limiting stockholding in the National Reserve Association and the vote thereon, in the evident attempt to preserve it for all time from the control of the "money trust." Not everyone who wishes can become a stockholder. This right, in fact, is very strictly limited. Only national banks are absolutely qualified; State banks and trust companies conditionally. In no event can any of these institutions (all denominated banks in the Bill) subscribe for more than twenty per cent. of their capital (nor are they admitted for less). The subscribers are grouped into local associations, each of which has its own board of directors,

of which three-fifths are chosen on the plan of a vote per bank and two-fifths by a vote per share. The local associations are grouped under fifteen districts, each of which contains a branch of the National Association. Each branch again has its own board of directors, one-half being elected on the basis of one vote for each association; one-third by one vote per share. The remaining one-sixth of the directors are to be chosen by the directors already elected and "shall fairly represent the agricultural, commercial, industrial, and other interests of the district and shall not be officers nor, while serving, directors of banks, trust companies, insurance companies, or other financial institutions."

Lastly, the main Institution, the National Reserve Association itself, has a board consisting of forty-six directors. Of these seven are *ex officio*, viz., the governor of the Association, appointed by the President of the United States from nominees of the board of directors; two deputy governors, who are elected by the board; the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Agriculture, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and the Comptroller of the Currency. Thirty directors are elected by the branch boards, each branch having one vote, and of these thirty, fifteen must be selected from the agricultural, commercial and industrial classes, who are not directors of banks, trust companies, insurance companies, or other financial institutions. Only nine of the forty-six are chosen by share vote.

And thus the front-door is securely locked and barred. It is useless for financiers to prowl around there. I fear, however, that the back-door and the numerous side-doors are left wide open—for finance, like chess, is not a game of arithmetic, but of position. The actual control of the funds of a banking institution residing in the *borrowing* power, the question as to who shall own the shares and how they shall be voted will always be of secondary importance compared with the question as to the channels in which the money of the institution shall flow.

Now what are the channels designated in the Bill?

First. Commercial paper under strict limitations, the necessary indorsement being in all cases limited to stockholding banks having a deposit with the National Association, and where

the paper has more than twenty-eight days to run it must not only be indorsed by such a bank, but the guarantee of the local association in which the bank is a member must also be obtained, and such local association may require security for its guarantee: thus converting credit paper into pawn paper.

Second. In times of trouble the Association may discount the direct obligation of a depositing bank indorsed by its local association, provided that this obligation is fully secured by pledge of satisfactory securities. Non-depositing banks are not permitted any aid whatever.

Third. Under certain conditions the Association may purchase prime bills, if indorsed by a subscribing bank, and foreign bills at pleasure.

Fourth. The Association may invest in United States bonds, also obligations having not more than one year to run of the United States or its dependencies, or of any State or of foreign Governments.

The old melody on a new instrument. Stock Exchange securities and prime bills—bankers and brokers—Wall Street, Pine Street; not much chance here for the push-cart peddler of Hester Street or the village blacksmith in far Oklahoma. The only organization which has reason for triumph in the creation of the National Reserve Association is the National Federation of Labor. We have, indeed, a musicians' union, and it is even alleged that a poets' union is in process of formation; but who could have imagined that Congress would create a banks' union; so that in future, in addition to scab musicians and scab poets, we shall have scab banks?

But I surmise that even many "Union" banks of recognized standing would rather go on as they are now than be compelled, whenever they have paper to offer for rediscount, first to knock humbly at the door of the local association and beg for its guarantee, and if refused, make another effort by offering their securities in pawn.

The idea of limiting the benefits of a central bank to its stockholders is, moreover, not new; it was tried over one hundred years ago and found wanting. When the Bank of France

was first incorporated the stockholders were for a large part the First Consul and his family. Three years later, having in the meantime become Emperor, Napoleon felt so strongly on this subject that he sent a despatch even from the battlefield of Jena, ordering the Bank of France to extend its benefits to every commercial house in the country; and thereupon, with the new charter of 1806, the stockholders' monopoly ceased and has never been restored.

But with the rediscounting of commercial transactions so limited as to be of little use to the great body of our citizens, the capital of the Association will necessarily be invested principally in obligations of the United States, its dependencies, and those of States and foreign Governments, and in prime bills, foreign exchange and the like. So after all, the labors of the commission, after raising great hopes in the breasts of Messrs. Thomas, Richard and Henry, by the natural working of economic laws finally vest the control of the funds of the Association in the dreaded financiers as completely as though they had named every director, national, branch and local.

The next most important feature of the Bill is the limitation of the note issues, manifestly imposed under the apprehension that such issues might lead to inflation unless strictly guarded. And thus the total amount authorized free from special taxation, including the present issue of national bank notes, is only \$900,000,000, unless the excess be covered by gold or lawful money; and even with the payment of a tax as high as five per cent. the issue cannot be increased beyond \$1,200,000,000. As we have at present in circulation national bank notes to the amount of about \$720,000,000, the normal increase for ten years provided by the Bill is only about \$180,000,000, and even in the event of panics only about \$480,000,000—probably less than the amount of Clearing House Loan Certificates, cashiers' checks, and other substitutes for circulating notes, necessitated in 1907.

I cannot share the apprehension of the commission, as I cannot understand how the mere fact that money paper is issued by a public institution instead of by individuals can cause inflation. Currency based on legitimate commercial transactions is not fiat money, and not liable to the abuses of such money. The

only difference between the promissory note of an individual and a circulating note is that the faith in the latter is so universal that it is accepted by the public without question and therefore is merely a higher form of credit. There is, consequently, no reason why there should be any limit on circulating notes, as long as there is no limit on private notes. Indeed, I am firmly convinced that if a truly liberal credit currency system were adopted, not only would there be no danger of its causing inflation, but on the very contrary our business would become far more conservative than it is at present, as all commercial transactions would rapidly accommodate themselves to the system, and therefore the unsatisfactory method of book debts, which tempts to extravagance, speculation and dishonesty would, in time, be eliminated. To-day many a merchant or manufacturer buys more than he can readily sell, as his seller cannot easily collect and so can be held off for a long period. With the certainty of turning the promissory note of the purchaser into money the seller would soon require such a note for all goods sold, and the purchaser would be careful not to overstock, as he would be at the mercy of his creditor in short order if he failed to pay. In fact, what we are suffering from is a contracted currency, which has impaired the foundation of our business, rendered it top-heavy, and ready to topple over at any severe concussion.

In the comparatively short time that I have been in active commercial life I have witnessed eleven panics, from the one brought on by the failure of Grant and Ward in 1884 to the one of 1907, all of which caused widespread disaster, some of them actually amounting to national calamities. As the monetary commission remarks in its reports, "panics of such a character have been unknown in Europe for the last fifty years," and they correctly attribute this to the existence of central institutions, which in time of public mistrust come to the aid of commerce by discounting commercial paper with great liberality, and thereby restore credit before the mistrust has become ungovernable.

Let us therefore not be chary in granting our own Institution the means of affording the relief which other nations have so successfully granted to similar institutions.

The fourth preoccupation of the commission is the maintenance of a strong reserve in gold and lawful money of the United States. As soon as this reserve falls below fifty per cent., a tax on an increasing sliding scale is exacted until it is reduced to thirty-three and one-third per cent., and when this percentage is reached an issue of further notes is inhibited. The Bill is silent as to what will happen to us after that fatiferous stage. Are we expected, in order to avert a cataclysm, to resort to the Clearing House Loan Certificates, cashiers' checks and other devices of 1907? Or shall our State Governments order a suspension of the session of the courts so as to give the country a breathing space until the President of the United States can call an extra session of Congress to remove the inhibition?

I am an ardent advocate of a strong gold reserve. I think it, however, utterly wrong to convert the gold idea into a fetich, or rather a Moloch, a ravenous god who must be appeased, even though it be by holocausts on a vast scale. Of course suspension of specie payment on the part of a Central Institution is a grave matter. Nevertheless it occurred a number of times during the last century. The Bank of France was compelled to resort to it in 1848 and again in 1870, and the Bank of England as late as 1866 only saved itself from suspension of specie payment by the suspension of the law which limited its note circulation. Yet although the suspensions of the Bank of France took place during a revolution and during a calamitous foreign war, in the latter case there was only a moderate temporary depreciation of its circulating notes, and in the former those notes actually rose to a premium as against gold.

All this proves that, after all, Adam Smith was right, and that gold, however useful and essential a commodity, is only the mediate and not the ultimate reserve of a country; for this consists in the industry, economy and honesty of the people who constitute a country. And thus panics, which are produced by the fear of suspension, are relieved when it actually occurs, confidence then returning in a people's true reserve, that is to say, confidence on the part of the people in general that banks, as well as merchants, will sooner or later pay their debts in gold.

The protection of the gold reserve of a Central Institution

need, therefore, go no further than the raising of the rate of discount and thus, on the one hand, attracting gold from all parts of the world, and on the other giving such temperate and prudent checks to commercial transactions as may be needed in order to diminish the demand for money. The money actually needed for the liquidation of existing transactions, however, should never be refused, as this cannot be done without nullifying the very purpose for which a gold reserve is maintained, that is, without destroying confidence and precipitating panics.

IV

Senator Aldrich in the above-mentioned address not only invited criticism, but also asked for coöperation; and in this spirit I shall now venture to make certain suggestions for amendments of the Bill, in the sincere hope that some or all of them may commend themselves to the commission and Congress.

First. As is apparent from the Bill and the report of the commission, its main purpose is to provide for the rediscount of commercial paper, and I therefore suggest that this be the only purpose, and made plain in the very name of the institution to be created, by calling it, for instance, the Discount Bank of the United States; and in order fully to accomplish this purpose, the capital and circulating notes authorized by the Bill should only be expended for the purchase of commercial paper and the bullion and money which is to constitute the reserve, with a proviso permitting such limited dealing in foreign bills as may be necessary to strengthen the position of the bank in the bullion markets of the world.

Second. The reserve in bullion, gold coin and other lawful money of the United States should ordinarily be maintained in the proportion of one to three as to the outstanding circulating notes, and should it fall below this proportion then a tax at the rate of five per cent. per annum should be payable on the notes issued in excess of this proportion.

Third. The note issue should have no limit so as to expand and contract freely with the natural expansion and contraction of commerce, according to the seasons of the year and the fluctu-

ating industrial conditions. Nor should any limit or qualifications be placed as to the paper to be discounted beyond that it should represent a strictly commercial transaction, be signed by the purchaser and indorsed by the seller and a moneyed institution, be it a national bank, State bank, trust company or private banker; the only ground for rejection to be doubt as to the financial responsibility of the parties to the note, or that its date of payment exceeds ninety days or in some cases four months. Such discounting, of course, calls for considerable discretion on the part of the officers of the bank, and for this reason it should have numerous branches throughout the country, each covering a territory narrow enough to enable the branch manager to become thoroughly familiar with the standing of the banks and other qualified indorsers who may present paper for rediscount.

Fourth. As to the disposition of the profits of the bank: after a fair percentage has been applied to the reserve, dividends not to exceed five per cent. should be paid to the shareholders, and additional profits divided between the Government and the reserve account.

Fifth. The circulation of the national banks should be left intact, at any rate until the new monetary plan shall have been thoroughly tested and found fully to fill the task set for it, so that we may have an evolution and not a revolution, particularly as the mere addition of a fifth form of paper currency to the four now existing can cause no inconvenience, since the last comer as well as the others is to be convertible into gold on demand.

Sixth. Every citizen should be treated with absolute equality to the extent of his legitimate credit, from the village blacksmith and push-cart peddler with their ten-dollar promissory notes to the merchant prince with his million. In order to furnish no ground for the infiltration of favoritism, it should be made unlawful for the bank to accept deposits, and this particularly as the right to issue untaxed circulating notes is a complete substitute.

Seventh. As the bank should be for the people, it ought to be owned by the people and not by a special class. The shares should have a par value of ten dollars and be offered for public

subscription, in the hope that every laborer and every farm-hand will become a stockholder. No corporation should be permitted to subscribe and no subscription in excess of \$100,000, directly or indirectly, should be accepted from any one person; and in the event of over-subscription, subscribers for the lowest number of shares should be given preference. In order to prevent the control of any large proportion of the shares from passing to the owners of concentrated wealth, the voting power should be strictly limited to the person, so that each shareholder shall have one vote, no matter how many shares he may own. It must be remembered that the bank is to be a public institution and as in this country we have adopted the policy that each citizen has one vote for the election of all public officers, regardless of his pecuniary interest in the country, why should we fear to adopt the same principle for a bank that is to exercise the great public function of issuing money based on the commercial transactions of its citizens, regardless of their wealth and their station in life?

As to the organization of the bank, I suggest forty-eight directors, one for each State; and that no one should be eligible to that office who has not held a position of president, vice-president, or cashier of a national bank for at least ten years.

As to the mode of election, the stockholders of each State should in person, and not by proxy, cast ballots for any resident of the State who shall have the above qualification, and if on the first ballot no one should obtain a majority, there should be a second ballot limited to the ten candidates who shall have received the highest number of votes. If upon the second ballot no candidate shall have received a majority of the votes, then there shall be a third ballot among the three candidates who shall have received the highest number of votes on the second ballot; and on such ballot a plurality vote shall elect. The directors of the bank should choose their own president, vice-president and other officers and an executive committee, who should all reside in Washington, and devote their full time and attention to the affairs of the bank, receiving salaries sufficiently high to be attractive to experienced men of acknowledged ability. To keep officers and directors in check there should be provision not only for the fullest publicity of the bank's transac-

tions, but also for general supervision and examination on the part of the Comptroller of the Currency and the Secretary of the Treasury.

Lastly, I feel myself justified in claiming that with a bank so organized, with every man a shareholder in an Institution which is ready to convert into currency, if not his commodities on hand, at least those he has sold, and under conditions generally applicable, we shall closely approach, even if we do not altogether reach, the ideal condition of "Every man his own banker."

AUGUST STRINDBERG: HIS ACHIEVEMENT *

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

AS a writer, Strindberg surprises us not only by the variety but also by the amount of his production. In a recent letter he estimated that the authoritative edition of his collected works, now being planned in his native country, would contain about fifty-four volumes. Even this figure fails to bring home the full extent of his achievement. A classified summary of his published works will serve better. This is what he has given us up to the present time:

Fifty-five plays, varying in length from the single scene of *The Stronger* to the mighty trilogy named *To Damascus*; six novels; fifteen collections of short stories; nine autobiographical novels; three collections of verse; four volumes of history; five volumes of science; seventeen collections of literary, social and scientific essays, nature studies, etc.

Much supercilious and some warranted criticism has been evoked by his ventures into literary fields not included in his own particular domain as a poet in the wider sense. Final judgment must lie with the future, of course, and the audacity of all his thinking—whether embodied in artistic or scientific form—will tend still further to make that future a distant one. But for the present this much may safely be asserted: that his mind has never dealt with any line of human knowledge without uncovering new and startling vistas. As a historian, he has compelled imitation even where he failed to win approval. As a keen-eyed and tenderly sympathetic observer of all life subordinate to that of man, he has not often been excelled. On the other hand, his efforts at purely scientific thinking and writing have undoubtedly been marred by the venturesomeness of a mind accustomed to rely on intuition not only for guidance but for proof. But even here some of his more daring suggestions have been overtaken by the more slowly advancing forces of organized knowledge.

* *August Strindberg: the Man* appeared in the last issue of THE FORUM.

Turning our attention exclusively to his production as an imaginatively creative writer, we find his career falling into three sharply definable periods that lasted, respectively, from 1868 to 1885, from 1886 to 1893, and from 1897 to the present day. Between the second and third periods occurred that interregnum of absolute improductivity, of which I have already spoken. For the sake of convenience rather than positive definition, these periods may be designated as: 1. the Romantic; 2. the Naturalistic; 3. the Symbolistic. Of course, a tendency to naturalistic presentation of external facts characterized his work almost from the start, and it continues to assert itself in the most mystical products of his final period. He has always been and will always be a realist in the finest sense of that term—one insisting that art must cling closely to life as actually lived and stand firmly on this ground even when reaching most daringly into still unconquered realms of being. But on the other hand, there is always a touch of mysticism, of yearning idealism, even in such characteristic works of the middle period as *The Father* and *Miss Juliet*.

Of the first period, coming to an end with the completion of the four short stories published collectively as *Real Utopias*, I have dared to speak as romantic chiefly because sentiment still holds almost equal sway with logic in the work belonging to it. Strindberg has frequently been described as a pupil of Zola. As a fact, he was not acquainted with the work of the great French novelist when he established his own style and outlook in *The Red Room*. As a boy and a young man he read whatever the world literature had to offer him of lasting value. Goethe, Schiller, and the Dane Oehlenschläger were among his earliest masters. A little later he studied Dante and Shakespeare in their native tongues, and against both he reacted rather unsympathetically. The reason was that he found them enthroned as idols that one had to worship at the risk of being declared lacking in taste and knowledge.

His chief artistic forbears, however, were Hugo and Dickens. To them he has repeatedly confessed his indebtedness. And it should be a matter of no small interest to English-speaking readers, that Strindberg strenuously defends the position of

Dickens as one of those who have done most to bring modern poetry back to real life. Perhaps this fact—that its initial inspiration came through Strindberg from Dickens—may explain why the naturalism of Sweden has mostly kept within sight of the truth complementing that of the realist: namely, that art, after all, is art, and not life—a distinct form of existence that not only *repeats* but *makes* life.

The transition from the first to the second period caused no interruption in his creative activity. Evidence that some kind of a border line was crossed about 1885 can only be drawn from within the works then produced. But as soon as we compare the preface of the first part of *Marriage*, dating from 1884, with that of the second part, written in 1886, we perceive that something of moment must have happened in between—namely, the confiscation of the former volume and the beginning of his marital infelicity. The change of attitude toward womanhood is most marked, but back of it we feel the presence of changes reaching much farther down into the writer's conception of life. The man who wrote the first part of *Marriage* and *Real Utopias* was, on the whole, well content with his world. The author of the second part of *Marriage* and of *The Father* strikes us as a man doubting the very possibility of happiness as a human state.

It is regrettable that, so far, hardly any works by Strindberg except those dating from his middle period have become known in this country and England. For in many respects that period suggests a deviation from the man's true line of development. During those years from 1885 to 1894, the nature of Strindberg, which is no less capable of love and faith than of hatred and doubt, had become sadly warped. All the world lay wrapt in a gray mist. Woman, once angelic, had become a devil incarnate—or even worse: a creature biologically inferior to man. Life was seen as war to the hilt. Love was the worst form this war could assume.

To me it seems quite natural that this period, and no other, should see Strindberg turn from his former social outlook to a temporary acceptance of Nietzsche's ultra-individualistic superman theories. It is the works from this period that have earned

him the name of woman-hater and the reputation of one being too grim and gloomy for races essentially wholesome and optimistic in their tendencies. Yet this same period gave the world a series of exquisite pictures from those islands "at the edge of the sea" where, among a strange race of peasant-fishermen, Strindberg had previously sought and won the inspiration for his *Master Olof*.

Then came the five-year pause already mentioned. All artistic production was stopped. Scientific speculation took its place, following more and more erratic channels until it ended in a spell of religious brooding of distinctly morbid type. It was at that time rumor made a Catholic of him. "Lutheranism has been seized by such a panic that Catholics are seen everywhere," Strindberg wrote ten years later in explanation of that rumor. The truth of it was that, guided by Balzac, Swedenborg, Maeterlinck and the French mystic writer signing himself Sar Péladan, he turned from the materialistic creed which had failed to serve his soul as a sheet anchor in the hour of supreme upheaval. When the crisis was over, he stood forth not as a confessor of this or that creed, but as a member of the mystic brotherhood whose mission it is to remind man of the omnipresence of the unknowable. A pessimist he remained even after the dawn of his new faith had set his soul singing once more, but sadness and resignation took the place of bitterness and defiance as the ground notes of his soul's melody.

A full list of Strindberg's works would probably serve no purpose but to confuse the reader. But as so little is known about him in the English-speaking countries, I hold it necessary to furnish the titles and dates of production of his principal plays, novels, short story collections and autobiographical writings, grouping them in accordance with the periodical division just indicated:

PLAYS

Romantic—1872, *Master Olof*, prose; 1880, *The Secret of the Guild*; 1882, *Lady Margit*; 1883, *The Wanderings of Lucky-Per*.

Naturalistic—1887, *The Father*; 1888, *The Comrades*, *Miss Juliet*; 1890, *Creditors*, and three other one-act plays; 1892, *The Keys of Heaven*; 1893, four one-act plays.

Symbolistic—1897, *The Link*, *Playing with Fire*; 1898, *To Damascus*, I & II; 1899, *There are Crimes and Crimes*, *Christmas*, *Gustavus Vasa*, *Eric XIV*, *The Saga of the Folkungs*; 1900, *Gustavus Adolphus*; 1901, *The Dance of Death*, *Easter*, *Midsummer*, *Charles XII*; 1902, *The Crown Bride*, *Swanwhite*, *The Dream Play*; 1904, *To Damascus*, III; 1907, *The Storm*, and three other *Chamber Plays*; 1908, *The Slippers of Abu Casem*, *The Last Knight*; 1909, *The Black Glove*, *The Great Highway*.

NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES

Romantic—1879, *The Red Room*; 1882-4, *Swedish Events and Adventures*; 1884, *Marriage*, I; 1885, *Real Utopias*.

Naturalistic—1886, *Marriage*, II; 1887, *The People of Hemsö*; 1888, *Fisher Folks*; 1889, *Chandalah*; 1890, *At the Edge of the Sea*.

Symbolistic—1903, *Sagas*; 1904, *The Gothic Rooms*; 1905, *Historical Miniatures*; 1906, *New Swedish Events*; 1907, *Black Flags*, *The Scapegoat*.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOVELS

Naturalistic—1886-7, *The Bondwoman's Son*, I-III; 1887, *The Author*; 1888, *A Fool's Confession*.

Symbolistic—1897, *Inferno*; 1898, *Legends*; 1902, *Fairhaven and Foulstrand*; 1903, *Alone*.

Some of the works included in this list stand out beyond the rest either as epoch-making in the author's own career or as marking a distinct advance on the part of the human spirit in its long struggle to substitute conscious for unconscious growth.

The play *Master Olof* was at first named *The Renegade*, and under that title I hope it will become known in the English-speaking countries. To Strindberg himself it was largely what

The Pretenders was to Ibsen—at once a questioning and a formulation of his own genius. The greater modernity of the Swedish work is shown by the fact that its principal hero, who is one of three central figures, fails equally to reach a triumph like that of King Hakon, the man divinely commissioned, and to suffer a disaster like that of the self-doubting Earl Skule. Instead he lives on to complete his work—in compromise. To win his way, or rather a way for his mission, he has to sacrifice a part of his vision—and so he is denounced as a renegade by him who sees still farther and will sacrifice nothing. This is life, of course; and thus Strindberg may be said to have, for all time, given the true symbolization of the everlasting struggle between the genius and the mass on one side, and between true and false genius on the other.

The Red Room is a satirical novel, embodying the conflict between bohemianism and philistinism at Stockholm in the seventies. But it gives also, as almost all of Strindberg's novels, a detailed study of social conditions in Sweden at that time. Hardly a phase of national existence is unrepresented, and each one of them is sketched in such manner that we get an idea of the directional tendencies expressed through it. Strindberg's faculty for drawing lifelike pictures not only of individuals but of vast social groups and organisms is among the most striking of his gifts. And to the future historian his novels and autobiographical writings should prove exceedingly valuable.

The first part of *Marriage* contains a dozen specimens of modern marital unions, presented in a far from unfriendly light. In the preface Strindberg laid out a programme concerning woman's position which vies in radicalism with that for which the women themselves are now fighting everywhere. Not only would he grant them the suffrage, but he insisted that normal social growth necessitated their having it. But in the second volume of stories issued under the same title, he made a frank attack on two principles generally accepted as essential to woman's complete emancipation, namely, the right to hold property, and the right to work at anything for which they could qualify themselves. Leaving their tendency aside, the stories in both volumes will be found to possess high artistic value.

The Father was Strindberg's supreme effort to symbolize the life and death struggle between man and woman for such immortality as may be offered them by the child. The picture of that struggle is splendid but unfair. Man, as man, is given rational insight, while to woman is granted little more than low cunning. And as conscience is allied with reason, the victory falls to its unconscionable opponent. It may seem paradoxical to express a regret that the sex problem should enter at all into a play designed to exhaust that very problem. But there is a psychological side to the work that has nothing whatever to do with sex, and this side would hold our interest just as firmly if the conflict were raging between two men. The corrosive power of suggestion is here shown with diabolical skill. It is a duel of souls, with words for weapons, and by a seed of doubt sown in the right way at the right moment, one of those souls is shattered and scattered as fatally as a warship when its magazine explodes.

Miss Juliet, perhaps the most widely known of Strindberg's works, was a frank experiment in new form. Not only are the stage arrangements unconventional, but intermissions have been dispensed with. Naturalism never came nearer to a conquest of the stage, and some of the innovations embodied in this drama are likely to form part of our future dramatic tradition. Again the plot seems to offer us nothing but a sex duel, with the man for winner. But back of *Miss Juliet* and her valet-lover stand two contending strata of humanity—the so-called upper and lower classes. What Strindberg shows us is how a continued process of selective breeding may lead to over-refinement and a weakening of the vital instincts. The strain which has reached such a point can find salvation only in mixture with some strain less far removed from the general source of life. If class prejudices or other inhibitive tendencies prevent such a mixture, then the weakened strain will be sloughed off by the race, so that place will be made for other strains with unimpaired vitality and still dormant powers of refinement.

With the novel named *At the Edge of the Sea* Strindberg tried to place himself unreservedly on Nietzschean ground by picturing a superman of to-day and the fate such a man would be

likely to suffer at the hands of ordinary humanity. In the course of this attempt, he gave a summary of man's mental development from primal days to the present moment that I count among the most significant and most brilliant pieces of writing contained in modern literature. The principal importance of this novel, however, lies in the fact that Strindberg's merciless logic automatically demolished the glamour of the Nietzschean dream creature. And so this Swedish superman wins in the end nothing but a splendid grave. And his doom is pronounced not by the hostile cunning of the mass, but by his own vain presumption. Read in the right way, this novel teaches that supermanhood must be founded on a good deal more of genuine humility than ordinary manhood ever contains.

It was during that middle period of embittered defiance that Strindberg first conceived the idea of a series of autobiographical novels, in which he would adhere closely to his own actual experience while the shock of such self-revelation was softened by a change of all proper names. The first volume of this series, issued in 1886 under the title of *The Bondwoman's Son*, gives a picture of child life that is full of startling revelations and exquisite interpretations. Strindberg himself has said somewhere that all fiction must be autobiographical in order to obtain full documentary validity. Even if we hold this assertion too sweeping, we must at least grant him to have proved that the most intimate personal experience may be turned into legitimate fiction.

While at all times, to use his own expression, Strindberg "has had three strings to his lyre," he appears during the third period primarily as a dramatist—and it is as such that he prefers to be considered. There is hardly one play from this final period that would warrant special notice on some account or another. In the eyes of his countrymen, his dramatic presentations of Swedish history tend, of course, to take precedence. And on their account some have dared to call him the Shakespeare of Sweden. But the historical plays of Strindberg are widely different in mettle from that displayed in the *histories* of Shakespeare. No matter how much we find to admire in the latter, they must be held melodramatic in form and rhetorical in ex-

pression. They are, in a word, artificial in their portrayal of the past. What Strindberg has striven to do—and succeeded in doing, I think—is to reconstruct the everyday aspect of bygone days. In order to bring the true inwardness as well as lifelike appearance of those days within the ken of our own, he has put on the stage not imagined creatures of supernatural size, but plain-speaking men and women of our own kind. Back of these men and women he lets us catch lurid glimpses of big social forces at work. In other words, his works are symbolical in the very best sense of that much misused term—symbolical in the same manner as man's own thinking—and for this reason I believe the day must come when even dramas so intensely national in their subject and spirit as *Gustavus Vasa*, *Gustavus Adolphus* and *Charles XII* will be played and read in the English-speaking countries.

But for the present his main dramatic contributions to universal literature during this final period must be sought among his plays of modern life, and particularly among those of his plays that derive from a frankly acknowledged Maeterlinckian impetus. It was the early Maeterlinck of the puppet plays that set Strindberg once more seeking for a new form. The immediate result of this search was the fairy play *Swanwhite*, a charming but not convincingly original production. Had he stopped there, the charge of imitation sometimes heard might have had some warrant. But to speak of the author of *The Dream Play* or *To Damascus* as the imitator of anybody, becomes palpably ridiculous the moment we read those works. In both—but especially in the former—he has striven to reproduce the kaleidoscopic flexibility and whimsical logic of the dream. And in this way he has succeeded as perhaps no one before him in pressing all life into the narrow confines of a play.

Not long ago he described *The Dream Play* as a “Buddhist and proto-Christian drama.” Thereby he indicated its underlying philosophy of enlightened resignation, of almost Tolstoyan passivity in the face of violence and injustice and wrong. But we must not be misled by this effort of the matured poet to grasp and vitalize an ideal foreign to his own temperament. “I am a soldier,” says “The Hunter” in *The Great Highway*, speak-

ing as the *alter ego* of the author; "I am always fighting—fighting to preserve my personal independence." To me the most potent element in *The Dream Play*, the one most likely to germinate and survive not only as art but as philosophy, is its tolerant acceptance of every human aspect as an integral part of life. Its main shortcoming lies in a tendency to consider such aspects as established for all future. Viewing life statically, however, and not kinetically—from the realist's viewpoint rather than from the idealist's—one will have difficulty in finding an artistic symbolization of it more subtle or more convincing than that given us in *The Dream Play*.

Although the trilogy *To Damascus* is autobiographical in source as well as purpose—a sort of gigantic private reckoning worked out by one deeming himself too seriously tried by life—its appeal is nevertheless universal. We may forget the fate of him who wrote it, and read out of it nothing but a masterly record of the stumbling progress made by a human soul in its search for harmonious coördination of its own conflicting elements—its desires and aspirations, its selfish and unselfish tendencies. In the third part we find "Father Melchior" calling out to the Strindbergian protagonist, here named "The Stranger": "You began life by affirming everything. You continued it by denying everything. End it now with a coördination. Therefore, cease to be exclusive! Say not 'either—or,' but instead 'both—and!'" Here we have Strindberg's onward march through forty years of thinking and working outlined in a couple of sentences—and we cannot fail to recognize its identity with the general course of human progress, which runs from blind belief through arrogant denial to a reasoned balancing of faith and doubt.

Close as this trilogy stands to Strindberg's innermost self, there is a professedly objective work that comes much closer, though in a different manner—a work where Strindberg's artistic aloofness makes us almost forget that he is still dealing with his own spiritual experiences. This work, the double play named *The Dance of Death*, I am often inclined to count the crowning climax of his production, the work in which his always remarkable art has reached its highest potency of perfection.

It is as closely knit as a Greek drama or a play by Ibsen at his best. Only three characters figure in the first part, and five in the second. There are only two settings—one for each part. Its dialogue has rarely, if ever, been surpassed for combined incisiveness and verisimilitude. Incident leads to incident with a fatality that vainly tries to mask its logic behind the leering face of chance. Some of the scenes are among the most tensely dramatic that may be found in modern literature, and yet the total impression is just what the author seems to have aimed at: a sense of the hopeless monotony underlying life's superficial disturbances.

A piece of most delicate, and yet most deep-reaching symbolism lies in the circular movement of the first part, whereby everything becomes reduced once more to the state of the opening scene. All the tumult of living is translated into pitiful striving at self-assertion on the part of the individual. Yet the suggestion is always present, that, in all his seemingly futile striving, the individual takes the place of a puppet in the hands of some higher power, working for great aims that we cannot perceive. Life and hell are rendered almost synonymous, but the Swedenborgian idea of hell as a state of mind is not for a moment left out of sight. The one possible agent of escape is the Hogarthian fiddler, always hovering on the horizon like a storm cloud before which all cower in panic. But when he comes at last and brings the dance to a close, he is seen to bring with him pardon and peace, mercy and harmony. One of the figures in the play, Curt, might be called the superman of Strindberg's final period: a touching incarnation of the struggle between reasoned humility and instinctive pride that has always been raging in the author's own breast. But the most striking figure of all is that of "The Captain," the embodiment of ruthless self-concern, to whom nevertheless is given the pronouncement of Strindberg's ultimate philosophical creed: "Wipe out and pass on!"

Few works produced by Strindberg have brought him harsher criticism in his native country than the two novels *The Gothic Rooms* and *Black Flags*. They have served him as vent pipes for a gathering wrath that was not without basis. The common attitude among the real or supposed leaders of Swedish

literature toward the greatest of them all has not been pleasant to observe. Personal prejudice and jealousy have dictated judgments that should concern themselves with nothing but actual merit. Whether it be ever wise for the injured one to protest in person against such conditions is a question not easy to decide. And in making his protest, Strindberg has too often shot over the mark. But when every allowance has been made for the doubtful aspects of the two works just mentioned, there remains a residuum of merit and of broad appeal that will probably insure them approval from a time which shall have forgotten the personal accusations now read between their lines. Even at his worst, Strindberg is one of the great. And though he may be cruelly unjust to rivals or enemies, he is scrupulously just to the living generation in its entirety. If that generation be sick of soul or loose of living, the blame should not be laid on the man who reveals the sickness and the sin.

I cannot end this all too brief characterization of Strindberg's main works without calling attention to an additional and somewhat confusing aspect of his passion for self-revelation. Not only has he given us a detailed story of his life and artistic development, but he has written stories of the story, revelations of how previous revelations came to be made. In a number of recent pamphlets, and particularly in those quaint collections of notes, sketches, aphorisms and speculations named *The Blue Books*, material of this kind has piled up at a tremendous rate, and at times the image of the man becomes blurred by the superabundance of fact used to evoke it.

Progress everywhere presents itself to the human observer as a swaying back and forth between opposed but complementary principles. Any number of such polar points may be noted, but some of them stand out conspicuously beyond the rest. In the realm where belong our imaginative and speculative literatures, there are three dominant sets of such everlasting antagonisms to be counted with: realism and idealism; individualism and socialism; scepticism and mysticism.

Realism insists that art must draw on concrete existence for its material, while idealism maintains that the highest purpose

of art is to create new life out of the material thus obtained. Individualism emphasizes the cellular construction of society and the dependence of social progress on the free development of the unit. Socialism accentuates the visible and invisible bonds that make a larger unit of all the cells and render their individual welfare dependent on the harmonious development of the social body as a whole. Scepticism clings to the relativity of all being and thus reveals to man the insufficiency of every truth already established as such. Mysticism strives to look through the superficial multiplicity to the underlying unity and urges man to shape the fragments of shattered truths into new ones of nobler aspect and wider application.

It is plain that here we are not dealing with falsehoods to be conquered and truths to be established in their place. Realism and idealism, for instance, are equally *true*, which means that they are equally needful to the orderly workings of human reason. They may be said to represent two juxtaposed viewpoints from which life is to be observed. And in order to comprehend life in its fullness, man must endeavor to do the impossible—which is to behold life and all it contains from both those antipodal points at the same time. Therefore, progress means not the elimination of one or the other of any pair of opposed principles, but the gradual merging of the essential elements of both into a synthetic whole. And the greatness of men and periods alike is largely though not wholly determined by the extent to which they succeed in synthetic embodiment of heretofore prevailing antagonisms. The genius that commands its own day and casts its shadow ahead on days yet to come is never onesidedly this or that. Instead it stands for an organic fusion of those dualisms that cut all the rest of life in twain.

Judged by this criterion, Strindberg's greatness cannot be denied—nor a certain weakness that makes itself felt in all but a small part of his production. In his art as in his life, he has too frequently revealed himself as a soul at war with everything—even with his own purposes. And thus his work has come to embody more of the conflict resulting from those universal antagonisms than of the fusion toward which they are eternally tending. Yet he has—and herein lies much of his greatness

—managed at almost every juncture to take a synthetic position in regard to at least one of the three main lines of cleavage. And the process of coördination is most marked in his final and greatest period of development. There he has, as far as his nature would permit him, followed the injunction of “Father Melchior” in the third part of *To Damascus*.

As we behold his work to-day—in such plays, for instance, as *The Dance of Death* or *The Dream Play*—it has surrendered none of the lifelike quality won for art during the latter half of the last century. Yet it has passed far beyond the largely photographic verisimilitude characterizing what we call naturalism. He is, as he has always been, a realist, but of a spiritual rather than material type. And while, during the second period, his art often showed the naturalistic weakness for enumeration of endless detail, it has in his later stage risen to that suggestive impressionism which I prefer to call symbolism, and which enables the mind to reconstruct the desired picture out of a few salient facts.

His pendular movement from socialism to individualism and back again has been accompanied by an inner stress gaining almost tragic strength. Moved by a “sensitiveness to pressure” which he has named one of his preponderant qualities, he has always been emotionally inclined toward individualism. His reason alone, taking its start from an uncommonly acute observation of surrounding conditions, has enabled him to realize that individuals may exist for the sake of the race, or of life in its entirety, rather than for the sake of any purpose harbored within themselves. But action on this insight has invariably been resisted by a spirit of self-sufficiency bordering on arrogance. And on the whole he has remained an individualist, but one who counts among his fundamental axioms that no human soul can exist without constructive interaction with other souls. And when, not long ago, he wanted to sum up the lesson of all history as read by himself, he did so in the words: “Everything serves!”

His scepticism is as deeply rooted as his individualism—but so is also his mysticism, although for a long while he did his best to suppress it. He has always had to doubt something and to

believe in something else. And he has doubted and believed with equal fervor. During the period of complete religious denial, his allegiance to science and its formulas had in it a touch of superstition. When, at the hands of Swedenborg, he re-entered those mysterious regions where life's concrete multiplicity vanishes before the glory of its abstract unity, he turned his inevitable scepticism against science—while at the same time he was using scientific methods and data in proving that powers of which we wot nothing are carrying us to deserved destinies along roads that we can neither foretell nor avoid.

It must be admitted that the impression of Strindberg's thought is always a little puzzling—and so is often that of his form, too, even to those long familiar with it. At times he seems so quaintly naïve as to make himself suspected of childishness. And at other times there is but one word that appears fit for this latest of the moderns—the word old-fashioned. But his supposed naïveté is frequently the result of a rare courage that enables him to brush aside all our artificialities and sophistications, thereby importing to his art an atmosphere of simple majesty. And what strikes us as out of date may turn out to be far in advance of the time.

What we must always bear in mind in dealing with Strindberg's art is the man's indubitable sincerity and tremendous earnestness. Whatever else he may do or not do, he always means what he says—and he means it with all there is in him of emotional and intellectual power. His themes are certain to grip deeply into life. He is always dealing with things that *matter*, and mostly with things that *matter vastly*. As a rule the aspect of his art is sombre. But here and there we stumble on rare pearls of humor, flashes of biting satire that shed bright light on commonly overlooked soul-nooks, or little idyls of enduring charm. Every mood is known to him, even the tenderest, but a certain stern seriousness prevails. In more than one respect he reminds us of some loud-voiced and sharp-tongued old Hebrew prophet. A Swedish critic has been led to call him the artistic conscience of that country. He might as well be named the spiritual conscience of our whole time.

THE MILLS OF GOD

CHARLES VALE

JOHN WARD never knew where he was born. From the earliest days to which memory could give even vague significance, he had lived in the little mining village of Goldenhill, on the outskirts of the Five Towns made famous by the author of *The Old Wives' Tale*. The name of the village, with its suggestions of sunlight and color, was a survival from pastoral and primitive times, when farms dotted the landscape and sheep browsed in the meadows; when spring was radiant with green leafage and pale yellow primroses, summer with daisies and dandelions and the wild flowers of the fields. Now the title was almost grotesque in its irrelevance, its unfitness: the sky carried a pall of smoke, which settled grimly on habitations, hill and valley; the very grass seemed darkened and blighted, the few trees that remained stood forlorn and discouraged, the hedgerows were dull and dusty. For this was the coal and iron district: here was dug the fuel for the great ovens of the innumerable potworks of the Five Towns, or for the ironworks whose furnaces flared in the night, when men could be seen half-naked in sudden flashes of flame, and the clang of hammers and metal came confusedly through the air, with the blended noises of the nearer collieries.

The boy's home was a little grocery midway in the main street. Here he had grown up; round it were centred all his associations and dreams. His mother was dead: he had no memories of her. She had given, but not moulded, his life. Not a single impression of her remained with him: not a picture or photograph of her was in any of the six rooms of the house, from the parlor to the unoccupied best bedroom, reserved for the visitors who never came. John was not conscious of this absence of all reference to the past: he did not wonder why his father never spoke of the dead woman. The silence had been so complete that he did not realize its existence or the possibility of any alternative of speech and recollection. He associated

silence with his father: with his mother he associated nothing—not even the name, the idea, of motherhood.

John Ward, Senior, was a tall, thin, taciturn man—now a little bent with constant stooping over the counter of his grocery. He had apparently no amusements, no hobbies. He opened his shop at eight o'clock in the morning, and closed it at eight o'clock at night—except on Thursdays, when he closed at two in the afternoon, and on Saturdays, when he kept open until ten at night. On Sundays he went twice to the Primitive Methodist chapel, taking John with him: but of religion, as of all other interests of life and death, he rarely spoke definitely. He carried his convictions into his conduct, not into discussion. Formal, cold, unaggressive and unresponsive, he did his daily work, counted his takings, wrote up his books, read a chapter in the Bible, and went to bed. On Sundays, methodically and undemonstratively, he worshipped God, honoring the Sabbath with a black suit that had never seemed new, and never seemed worn out. Whatever the weather, he wore his silk hat when he went to chapel. The hat and the suit lasted during all the years that John remained at home.

When he was nine years old, the boy was sent to the Hulme Grammar School, in the neighboring town of Tunstall, a mile and a half away. His father had taught him to read and write and had given him a foundation in arithmetic: he had also read with him a little in English history and had told him, in the form of serious stories, a few of the leading events in the rise and fall of empires and nations. They had gone together through Creasy's *Decisive Battles of the World* and the boy had a general conception of big dramatic movements, the passing of one order, the emergence of another, to fail and pass in its turn. From these pageants and cataclysms of history, his child's mind caught something of the sense of transitoriness of temporal things, yet something, also, of sequence, development, evolution. But the mutability of the past was perplexing in comparison with the permanence and stability of the present: in his narrow world, men and institutions stood out, dominant, unchanging, immensely real: the minister of the Primitive Methodist chapel, with his long black beard, his lank form, his intimate and irre-

movable association with a laughterless, oppressive Sabbath; the vicar of the Anglican church, with his long white beard, his stalwart, heavy figure, his mild eyes; his own father, austere, reticent, pervading the years; Mr. Jabez Wilkinson, the colliery proprietor, who lived in the big house where the sky came down to the earth; the butcher, with his blue apron, his strong, prominent teeth, his joviality . . . They stood four-square to the universe, pillars of society to all time . . .

The commencement of his school life gave him a feeling of maturity, of added dignity. There were about forty boys at the school and, after a brief period of indecision, he found his place and was happy. He did not learn intemperately and gained no special influence from his teachers: but he developed normally and satisfactorily. His chief profit from this early period was the habit—commenced through curiosity and interest and continued with some idea of its training-value—of observing and studying his companions, arriving at an estimate of their characters, their reasons for action or inaction, their possibilities as human beings. He developed a crude science of personality; began to deduce a boy's home and general environment from his behavior and tendencies.

He stayed there for two years, and shortly before he left received his first lesson in the mutability of the present, as of the past. The pillars of his society began to fall. After a brief illness, the headmaster—from whom he had never received an unkind or impatient word—died from pneumonia. There was a funeral service in the church that he had attended, and where he had been churchwarden. The boys were present. When it was all over, John went home slowly, with personal grief and a sense of shock and doubt. Before the impression had become less intense, the white-bearded vicar received an invitation to a church in another part of the county, and left Goldenhill. He had not been a friend of the boy: merely a feature of the environment. They had worshipped different Gods, moved in different ways of life. But the withdrawal of the vicar emphasized the instability of institutions. The past and the present were one. Neither had permanence. Change, decay, death—this was life. But dimly, the boy began to see beyond. The idea of evolution

took more definite shape. To change, decay, death, he added rebirth, progress. Through the deserts and the fertile places of time flowed the river of God's purpose . . .

He was sent to the High School at Newcastle-under-Lyme—the most important school of the district. With an exaggerated idea of values and expenses, he wondered how his father could afford the transfer, which necessitated a journey by train twice daily. He was grateful to him for the self-sacrifice which he believed must be involved, and tried to express this attitude by little acts of attention and thoughtfulness. But the grocer did not seem to notice the overtures. He maintained his rigidity and went about his own business, rarely asking any questions and never encouraging confidences. The boy, whose emotional nature was developing with years and enlarged interests, was hurt by this indifference. He gave some thought to the matter for a few evenings, as he lay in bed; wondered a little, for the first time, as to his mother, and what kind of life she had led with this joyless, unbending husband. But long familiarity made almost natural to him the unsocial habits which to others would have seemed repellent and strange. He merely drew more within himself, restraining the impulse toward confidence and affection.

He gained much in his new world, both from the boys and the masters; but did not make many friends. More and more, purpose was defining itself for him. He had glimpses of ambition, of a career: not completely, yet with some shape and circumstance of detail, he foresaw a future of influence and importance. He had studied boys, who would become men. Later, he would study men themselves, and the big problems of government. He began to follow the political news in the papers, and at this time read Fonblanque's *How We Are Governed*, which he found disappointing. More satisfactory were Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Carlyle's *French Revolution* and Thiers' *History of the Consulate and Empire*. The latter he obtained from the Tunstall Free Library, under the impression that it was a translation. It proved to be in the original French, and his imperfect knowledge of the language seemed a serious handicap. However, the range of his vocabulary was rapidly extended and he persevered with the volumes, cordially encour-

aged by Mr. Flint, the librarian, who had never before been asked for the work.

The boy was now reading with unusual rapidity and to an undesirable excess. But his scheme of the future became more clearly outlined, though his growing habit of reserve and reticence prevented him from sharing his desires and dreams with any companion. Yet, though he moved mentally with statesmen and wise counsellors, with the builders of nations and empires, he was still sufficiently boyish to be interested in a myrioscope entertainment at the Tunstall Town Hall. Two or three of his school-fellows were going: there were rumors of gorgeous scenes,—Indian jungles, tigers and elephants, jewelled princes and tawny natives. But he could not ask his father for permission to go: no yielding to amusement or pleasure seemed compatible with that unbending demeanor. The boy had saved the money for a ticket. On the opening night he asked if he might go over to Tunstall, to compare science notes with a boy in his form: there was an essay on the atomic theory which they were to prepare . . . No objection was made. He went, and to satisfy the demands of conscience the two boys spent a few minutes in a cursory scanning of notes; then hurried to the Town Hall.

It was eleven when the entertainment was over; after half past when John reached home. His father was waiting for him; watched him eat his simple supper; bade him good-night. But when the boy was in bed, the man came into the room.

"John," he said.

And John, with the instant intuition that his father knew all, replied in a low voice: "Yes, father."

"A half-lie," said the grocer, speaking in the darkness, "is wholly evil. There are no degrees in lying, no littleness or bigness. All lies are degrading, abominable. The one lie leads to the regular lie, the flimsy excuse of a moment to the deception of years. Lies will rot your life, blast your hopes, take joyousness from your house and all peace from your heart. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." He came to the bed and put his hand on the boy's hot forehead. "Damnable and thrice damnable is lying. Blessed are the pure in heart. Pray

without ceasing." He went out. The boy did not realize for a little while how light his touch had been.

When he was fifteen, John left school. The question of his career had been debated. He himself had no uncertainty. From the little window of his bedroom he had looked out at night over the country, and the sights and sounds of incessant labor had woven themselves ineradicably in his consciousness. In the early morning men and women went to their work at the blast of the sirens: he could hear their heavily shod feet clattering on the pavements. And in the evening and through the dark hours there were still those who toiled, feeding the great furnaces, digging in the bowels of the earth, or pouring out molten metal in an inferno of flame and clangor. Young as he was, immature and precocious as were his thoughts and his dreams, he had caught some sense of the great drama of the democracy of the world. In the new times, there would be new ways; life would be made more gracious for the myriads; little by little they must be brought into their heritage of sunshine and clear air, of sufficient rest for the body and leisure for the spirit. And to bring this about leaders would be needed—not men with vague aspirations, but with a definite purpose, full knowledge, faith and sympathy. No loose theories, no rambling enthusiasms, would achieve durable reforms: he who would reorganize society must understand the bases of society, the complicated conditions of trade and industry, the relations of the middleman to the producer and the consumer.

A position was secured for him in a great firm of produce merchants. For two years he served in their nearest local branch; then he was transferred to the headquarters in London.

II

John Ward had been entirely successful. He had shaped his career in accordance with his plan and saw the full development come nearer with the passing of each year. Sane, competent, combining imagination with the sense of values and pro-

portion, he had progressed steadily in his business, rising through the different grades until he reached a high position. When he was thirty, his father died, leaving him, to his profound astonishment, his accumulated savings of more than seventeen thousand pounds. He went back to the Potteries for the funeral and followed the old man to the cemetery. As he thought of his lonely and unvaried life, he wondered what causes had led to such austerity and aloofness. But he knew nothing of his father's history—whence, and why, he had come to that little grocery in the smoke-dyed village. His habits and ways of speech had given no indication of his early training and environment: no trace of dialect, no special quality of voice, suggested a particular district or class. Self-sufficient, unrevealing, he had finished the account of days and come to the allotted end; and whatever tragedies he had known, were buried with the perishable body—or continued beyond the grave by the imperishable soul. John thought of his mother—ignored, blotted out, denied the resurrection of remembrance and love. Was there a connection of cause and effect between the obliteration of the dead woman and the seclusion of the silent man? He did not pursue the train of thought.

The money, with his own savings, gave him financial security and added in some degree to his prestige with the firm. He was thirty-three when a junior partnership was offered to him. He had now an established position in the commercial community; but, though he had given constant care to his business duties, he was beginning to be known also in outside circles. He had continued his reading on political and social subjects; had written a series of papers for a leading review on the necessity for systematizing the scattered tendencies toward reform, recasting the administrative departments and methods, and reshaping the political and business ideals of the nation. Efficiency was the keynote: order and purpose instead of muddle and uncertainty. It was his intention now to come more definitely into the field of publicity. He began to prove himself, to try his equipment, by speaking at local meetings.

His thoughts had naturally turned from time to time toward marriage; but vaguely, impersonally. A loveless union, based on mere respect and considerations of worldly advantage, he

could not tolerate. But in certain ways his position was peculiarly lonely. He had no relatives, no heritage of a name and associations connected with some distinct locality. He was merely aware of the fact, without offering himself any sentimental commiseration. After all, his childhood, restricted in so many ways, had yet brought him big ideas, the perception of enduring purpose, the resolve to act. The dreams that had come to him in his bedroom in the grocery were more valuable to him, rationalized and energizing, than any legacy of prejudices and position. He had avoided vague enthusiasms, undirected aspirations. He had prepared himself for a definite place and a definite work; and he felt that the consummation could not be long delayed.

His engagement and marriage came with the simplicity with which important events appear to be fitted into an ordered life. Mr. Harrington, one of the members of the firm, invited the new partner to his house. There he met Ethel Harrington. He was attracted by her at once, but not to the point of passionate regard, of love at first sight. His nature was too deliberate and regulated for casual extravagances and superficial emotions. But with continued proximity and fuller comprehension of character, he passed from friendship to affection. Some reciprocation, as he thought, intensified his feeling: he was more and more influenced by a sense of happiness, energy, power. His personality seemed rounded, complete. He had found a woman capable of understanding, sharing and inspiring his life. Unspoilt, unartificial, Ethel appeared to possess as an unquestioned inheritance the ideas and principles which he had found and systematized through the years. Without pedantry or affectation, she was familiar with the big movements for reform. She assumed as a matter of course the equality of the sexes, in political and social rights. It was amusing to Ward to contrast her certainty and repose with the excited demonstrations of the militant suffragettes. Her absolute freedom from prudery and self-consciousness was a revelation to him. He had dreamed of such women. He did not know they existed.

One evening, sure of his feeling, but not yet aware of its full intensity, he asked her to marry him. She accepted him. In the days that followed, they discussed their future life, and, espe-

cially, John's political career. It was settled that he should become a candidate for Parliament at the first suitable opportunity. His forcefulness, his clear recognition of what he thought should be done, and how it should be done, made a deep impression on Ethel.

Only one cloud darkened their engagement; and it soon passed. Alton Towers, an actor who had gained a big reputation during the previous two years, made Ethel's acquaintance and became a frequent visitor at the house. John was not at first disturbed: but Towers was an unusually handsome man, physically and mentally attractive to the majority of women; and Ethel showed unmistakable interest in him. Occasionally John intercepted glances that seemed perilously provocative. He noticed that Ethel gained in animation and vivacity when Towers was near her; that she began to follow him with her eyes if he moved to another part of the room. The affair finally seemed to John to indicate far more than the natural attraction of acquaintances, with the sex-interest sub-conscious. He brooded and was unhappy. The placidity of his affection was shattered. He had not, before, looked below the surface: now he saw, deep down, volcanic possibilities. There was passion in his love and it made itself felt in jealous irritation and depression. At last he spoke to Ethel, as calmly as he could; volunteered to give her up, if she thought she would be happier with Towers. She did not say anything at first, but weighed his words.

"One thing," John went on, "I think it right—necessary—to tell you. We have never had any concealment about such matters, and when your whole future may be affected you ought to know the facts without any equivocation. Towers—it isn't his fault, in one way: he has drifted with the usual double-standard crowd—but he is not a reliable man. He is not a decent man. He has more mistresses than morals; and he talks about his experiences. Boasts about them. Do you want that kind of man?"

After a little while Ethel put her hand on his shoulder. "John," she said, "you don't understand women. In little insignificant ways, or sometimes in big ways, we may be attracted by different men. It is part of our nature. Some of us yield to the

attraction, others hide their feelings. But a man like Towers means no more to me than a painting at an exhibition, or a statue, or a night at the opera. He isn't permanent. You are. He has never had more than a vagrant impulse. You have my whole life, given deliberately and gladly."

John took her in his arms. He did not even notice that his jealousy and depression had gone. He was realizing what it meant—that she had given him her whole life.

They were married in December and went to Egypt for their honeymoon. They returned to a newly fitted house in Elm Park Gardens.

III

John now divided his time between his business duties and his political career. He made two attempts to enter Parliament, and succeeded on the second occasion, slightly increasing the Liberal majority in a by-election at Leek, a town at some little distance from his former Goldenhill home. With the thoroughness that had become an integral part of his character, he prepared to make his way in the House itself and to create a definite position for himself in the country. It was essential that he should come, slowly and surely—but not too slowly—from the undifferentiation of the rank and file. He had gone through the discipline which prepares for leadership; he had natural aptitudes and advantages; and he had a definite constructive policy which seemed, both to himself and to Ethel, to justify him in demanding recognition. How shallow were the pretensions of the majority of those to whom the name of statesman was generally accorded! Few of them were more than opportunists, at the best; few saw other than dimly into the future or realized the enormous force of the wave that was steadily sweeping over the world. Poverty had been tinkered with; the land question had been tinkered with; industrial organization had been tinkered with . . . the country was a veritable tinker's shop! Was there anyone but himself—at present almost unknown in the great arena of public life—who had dared to formulate—had been compelled to formulate—a policy of reconstruction and revitali-

zation that would affect every life-current of the nation and the empire? He would be accused, perhaps, of immaturity and conceit. Well, what matter? And of what should the tinkers be accused?

In two years there was a General Election and Ward was re-elected by his constituency, with a considerably larger majority than he had secured at the by-election. His consistent work had had some effect, while his effective speeches during the campaign gave him more than a local reputation. He began to be known as an able man, with poise and purpose. His name was mentioned in connection with an under-secretaryship. He was satisfied. He felt that he had his feet firmly on the ladder. Cabinet rank was not a chimera: he saw it as a possibility no longer remote.

It was in the first days of the new session that he began to notice the weakness of his eyes. He had overtaxed them, he thought, with his constant reading. He must give them a rest. Ethel was afraid that he had been working too hard altogether, and a growing feeling of lassitude convinced him that she was right: he was suffering a reaction from the constant excitement of the political campaign. He resolved to take things more easily; but he continued his attendance at the House. It was while returning one night from a late sitting that he received full confirmation of the idea that he had drawn too rapidly and heavily on his nervous energy. He was walking home, as was his habit, for the exercise and the fresh air, when he became aware of a curious clumsiness. His boots seemed too large for him. The elasticity and firmness of his step were gone: he was awkward, unsure.

He saw that the matter was serious, and resolved to take a complete rest. Ethel suggested a place in the country, within comfortable motor-range of the capital. He assented, and they moved in the spring to a house near Leatherhead, in Surrey. He looked forward to the early rising, the sunshine, the change from London streets and crowds.

Yet he experienced no relief. The days went by and his listlessness increased. He felt that it would be wise to consult a physician. His case was evidently not one for unassisted nature-cure. Without giving any specific reason to Ethel, he motored

to town one day, to see his doctor. It was late when he returned.

A month went by. Ward, conscious of his own weakness and now fully aware of its cause, found difficulty in keeping up a semblance of cheerfulness. He made a continued effort, however, and was keenly grateful for Ethel's attitude. She had always shared his hopes and plans; the gravity of his illness was the only thing he had concealed from her since their marriage; and he watched through his darkening eyes the change that came over her, in response, as he conceived it, to the sense of his need. She had been considerate in all her ways since he had known her, and restful or stimulating as the mood and occasion required: but now a special spirituality seemed to transfigure her, her eyes had the soft glow of a young mother, her voice had a caress in it. As his own heaviness and clumsiness increased, she became lighter and more radiant. Yet, subtly, there was a hint of wistfulness and anxiety in her unguarded moments.

She came to him one night, as he was sitting in the room that had been arranged as a study. Dinner had been a task for him, in his overwrought condition. He had excused himself for half an hour on the plea of resting.

When she came in, quietly, she found him sitting by the table: his head was bent over on his hands; he did not hear her at first.

"John, dear," she said, running her fingers slowly through his hair, "I know what is the matter with you."

"My God!" he said.

She was startled, but went on. "You need a complete change—a change of climate, scenery, interests, occupations. Let us go again to Egypt. We enjoyed it so much—during our honeymoon. And John, there is something I have kept from you—that I wanted to tell you——"

He raised his head. "Wait a moment, Ethel, please." He drew a long breath. "There is something I want to tell you first. I have been thinking about it, trying to see the right way. And I have only seen the coward's way. Never mind your little secrets, dear." He tried to get up, as if feeling the necessity for freedom; but sank down again.

"My father," he said, "was a stern, lonely man. I don't know anything about his real history. But he hated a lie. Probably he had good cause. He said that a lie was damnable, thrice damnable. It is. And I have lived a lie. I have been ashamed to tell you the truth. I was afraid you would shrink from me, shun me, loathe me. And I have told you a half-lie. But there are no degrees in lying, no littleness or bigness. All lies are abominable. I will not keep your love, your respect, by lying. If I am vile, you shall know all my vileness. It is your right to know. You shall be my judge."

She was trembling.

"Before we were married," he said, "there was a man—you remember Towers? I spoke to you about him. I told you he was not decent. I had no right to say that. I was as bad as he. No, I don't think— Well, at any rate, I thought I was honest. I thought it would bring you shame and pain to marry him. I did not know what gifts I should bring to you."

She made no sign.

"Years ago," he went on, "more than ten years before I knew you—when I was a young man, alone in London—you can understand— It was only for a time—perhaps a month. It was like a bad dream. I tried to blot it out. Never repeated. Never went back. I thought it was all over. Gone. Wiped out by years of effort, of work worth while."

"It is over," she said, after a moment.

He shook his head. "No. There is no past, in nature. There is one enduring present. Slowly, surely, inevitably . . . Ethel, I was as ignorant as a child of all the laws of hygiene, of all the fatal retribution that avenges immorality—to the third and fourth generation——"

She made an involuntary movement. Her lips twitched.

"So far as I know," he continued, "I had none of the usual signs of disease. At least, I have noticed none. What is called the primary stage seems to have passed by. No doubt I had an extraordinary constitution. But the poison has lurked in me all these years, establishing itself impregnably."

"Impregnably?" she repeated. "Surely there is a cure. Professor Ehrlich——"

"There is a chance," he answered. "A chance. No more. I have found out too late. The mischief has gone unchecked too long, too far.—If it had come at the time," he said, "so that I knew . . . But to wait—to creep on— It seems unjust. I suppose it isn't."

"One month," he went on, after a pause. "The rest of my life has been straight. Absolutely. It *does* seem disproportionate. And my dreams—all my dreams for the people—I'm not thinking of myself, Ethel. I'm thinking of you—of the waste—of all that might have been——"

She put her hand on his brow. "Poor boy!" she said. "Poor boy!" He felt that she was trembling excessively. A sob came from her. "My baby!" she whispered. "My little baby!"

He wheeled round, convulsively. "What in God's name do you mean?"

"It is nothing," she said. "I was dreaming. I must think. Let me go. Please."

His mind went back with something of its old quickness. What was it that she had been about to tell him when she came into the room—the "little secret," as he had called it, that he had interrupted in his clumsy self-concern? The change that he had noticed in her, and had attributed to her special thoughtfulness for him; the look of expectant motherhood in her eyes . . . did they mean . . . ?

"Ethel," he said, "for God Almighty's sake, forgive me!"

She knew that he knew. For a moment her half-control broke down completely. "Tainted!" she cried. "Loathsomely, irretrievably! Unborn—and already worse than dead!"

He had no comfort for her. The Mills of God had ground slowly through the years, but verily they had ground exceeding sure.

He let her go. For nearly an hour he stayed where he was, in the darkness. When he heard the sound of a revolver shot, it seemed to him that he had known from the beginning of all time that this was the inevitable end.

He stumbled out to find her.

THE FIELD OF DUST

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

THIS is the field of dust.
Spear-flash and sword-thrust
Wages the battle here,
Aye, and long must!
How does the field appear?
Much as a flowery place
Reft of its vernal grace,
Trampled under the race,
Blood in a crust,
Wreckage and dust,
Only that there and here
Virginal vales appear;
Yet all the atmosphere
Darkens with dust!

Who is it, foul of face,
Leads a foul host apace
Into this frightened place?
Lo, he is strong!
All the winds shrink and flee,
Curdles the earth, yet see!
They own his majesty,
Loathsome and strong!
Lo, he is known too well,
He is the Khan of Hell,
Regent is he of Wrong,
Lord of this reeling throng,
Reeling and whirling long,
Savage and fell;
Leads he this host obscene,
Miring the world's live green,
Leaving no waters clean,
Chanting a spell

THE FORUM

Whereat the Heavens flame
Scarlet with wordless shame,
And all the world's fair fame
Crashes to Hell!
Delicate things are dashed
Doomward, fair temples crashed
Terribly, heroes slashed
Unto the bone;
Woe to all things that grow
Upward, and wail and woe
Unto the fair, follow
That host alone!
Ah, that the green and fair
Valleys of anywhere
Must know and must,
Such a dark armament
Fouling the firmament,
Making a flowery zone
Dark field of dust!

Spear-flash and sword-thrust
Wages the battle here,
Where there was once the grace
Of a calm, sunny place—
Ah, that was yesteryear!
Now it's a hosting-place,
Dark field of dust!

This is the field of dust.
Spear-flash and sword-thrust
Wages the battle here,
Aye, and long must!
See what bright wings appear
Over the dust!

Who is it, glad with grace,
Morning upon his face,
Swifter than light apace

Pierces the dark,
 Strikes to his mark,
 Glorifies all the place,
 Laying the demons stark?
 Hark to his clarion, hark,
 Sunlight made audible,
 Glad with a golden spell,
 Golden with grace!
 White all his warriors are,
 Each spear a piercing star,
 Lending a light to war;
 And every face
 Blends wrath and pity so
 Scarce need they strike a blow;
 Fair things that used to grow
 In this sad place
 Look up and glorify
 Once more the infinite sky,
 And the foul demons fly
 Shrieking, and fall and die,
 Dumb with disgrace.
 Surely his name is known
 Close to the Infinite Throne,
 Sure it must spell
 Strength Of The Living God—
 Hail, Mich-a-el!

Spear-flash and sword-thrust
 Wages the battle here,
 Aye, and long must!
 What is the field of dust?
 What are the hosts that here
 Robed with red wrath appear,
 Hot with war-lust,
 Dark mace and starry spear
 Splint'ring in mad career,
 Clouding a world so fair
 Dark with the dust?

Ah, not from Heaven or Hell
Host they who wage so well;
Lucifer, Mich-a-el
Are not their names;
Their strength no miracle
Of power Celestial,
Nor of the Flames.
And the broad battle-place
Where they meet face to face
Bruiting their claims,
Is no terrestrial strand,
No astrologic land;
I am these valleys, and
I am their names!

I am the field of dust,
I, who am body and soul;
I am the muster-roll
Of all the demons foul;
I am the splendid whole
Legion whose spears extol
God, whose sword-thrust
Gilds the dark dust.
Here does the battle roll
Endless, and must.
I am the Khan of Hell,
Regent am I of Wrong,
I am God's angel strong,
I, Mich-a-el.
Out of the deeps of me
Throng the red cavalry,
And the white angels, see,
In my soul dwell.
Naught can assail me, naught
Cause the red ruin wrought
But my own lust,
And I can trust
Naught but my Godhood, naught.

Here in the dust
Fight I forevermore,
And my own strength outpour,
Spear-flash and sword-thrust;
I am the spear and sword,
I am the Fiend and Lord,
I am the field of dust,
I am the field of dust,
Life's rage on me out-poured,
Fight I with spear and sword,
Aye, as I must;
I am the Fiend and Lord,
I am the flash and thrust,
I am the field of dust,
I am the dust.

II

HE WHOM A DREAM HATH POSSESSED

HE whom a dream hath possessed knoweth no more of
doubting,

For mist and the blowing of winds and the mouthing
of words he scorns;

Not the sinuous speech of schools he hears, but a knightly
shouting,

And never comes darkness down, yet he greeteth a million
morns.

He whom a dream hath possessed knoweth no more of roaming;

All roads and the flowing of waves and the speediest flight he
knows,

But wherever his feet are set, his soul is forever homing,

And going, he comes, and coming he heareth a call and goes.

He whom a dream hath possessed knoweth no more of sorrow,

At death and the dropping of leaves and the fading of suns
he smiles,

For a dream remembers no past and scorns the desire of a
morrow,

And a dream in a sea of doom sets surely the ultimate isles.

He whom a dream hath possessed treads the impalpable marches,
From the dust of the day's long road he leaps to a laughing
star,

And the ruin of worlds that fall he views from eternal arches,
And rides God's battlefield in a flashing and golden car.

III

DREAMS AND THE WORLD

I WILL not lose grasp of the world because of my dream;
Because of my dream I cannot lose grasp of the world;
Heed not the ways of the creepers, O dreamers of dreams;
Dreams are the light feet of goats on the crags of the world!

A CITY EQUINOCTIAL

EDITH WYATT

THE city mists lie dreaming. From afar
Over the sea of roof-tops veiled and hoar
And hung with sapphire lights, the brumal wind,
The rains transpirant break the clouds to stream
On tenement and warehouse, wharf and spire.

The buoy-lights throb. Fog-horns bay. Athwart
Black shaft and chimney pillared in the smoke,
Past high-splashed walls, past corniced street, swart alley,
On crane and shack, the rain swings, beautiful—
O beautiful, thrilled with the brumal wind,
Wind of the night, crying full, full, and deep,
Resurgent from afar.

By rain-whipped roads,
By whistling tree, over the wheat-fields bare,
The broken cane, South, North and East and West,
On bayou, swale, lake, mountain-top and valley
Runs the great storm. To-night, to-night
Past countless house-walls down this very street
Of my own life it courses—storm of the Gulf,
Storm of the terraced lakes, the ocean shores
Reverberant afar—wind of the world.

Cry, cry again, great voice,
Voice of the hungry storm,
Cry full and far in beauty. For till now
I never heard your cool-spaced ragged chords
Break on the city housetops so profoundly—
Welling and coursing from undying springs,
Pure, pure and deep from countless wells and springs—
The tone of striving, the clear tone of tears
Inevitable—voice of the surgent world,

The speech of disappointments and desires,
Voice of the urgent world, full, full, and deep,
The voice of mortal hungers.

More responsive,
Richly responsive, and more beautiful
To me the rain, the wind, the night that tell
Over my country's wide-spread plains and towns,
Along a thousand cities' towers and lights,
The strength aspirant of the longing earth,
Than all the high, ecstatic hymns and harps
Of an envisioned heaven. Till I heard
Fate, death, desire speak deep for all men, heard
From springs unknown the far, clear tone of tears
Inevitable, from unfathomed keeps,
I could not know nor dream of beauty, hark
To the great broken music of the world,
The hungry storm.

Cry, cry again, quick voice, across this street,
My life—
Wind of the world, storm of the world, my world,
On unremembering nights, blow back, as now
You cry down corniced street and swart-splashed alley,
Over a thousand cities' spires and lights,
The singing prairie brown-spread, plain and free,
Up from the Gulf, up from the ocean shores,
Resurgent from afar.

THE UNSPECTACULAR FAMINE

An Intimate Study of China's Tragedy

WILLIAM T. ELLIS

CHINA has not only been torn by revolution during recent months, but of greater immediate interest to millions of her people is the unprecedented famine which has followed the disastrous floods in the Yangtze valley. The famine has been a greater factor in the revolution than the cable dispatches have made clear. The world has already been aroused to the enormity of this calamity, and relief measures are under way. It is difficult to realize here what the famine really means to the people; but the colossal tragedy is very clear to the American and other missionaries who live in the stricken region (where there have been seventy famines in 700 years). They have been foremost in relief work, and have saved probably millions of lives.

"Yaoming! Yaoming!"

Muttered by passers-by on country roadsides, spoken with dramatic intensity by village elders, or wailed by women whose suffering had approached the verge of hysteria, that word became familiar to my ear as I traversed the centre of China's famine district. When translated, it revealed the dramatic instinct which lies deep in the breasts of the stolid, money-loving, materialistic Chinese. For they have personified the famine into a cruel, deliberate, patient, relentless monster, sure of its prey, and their cry is "*Yaoming! Yaoming!*"—"It wants our lives! It wants our lives!"

If the devourer would only be satisfied with their crops, their homes, their cattle, and their household goods (which it has already consumed), their bitterness would not be so intense: but they foresee, and humanity's ancient terror of death creeps into their eyes at the vision, that this famine will not quit its prey until it has been glutted with human life. Having grubbed the

very earth bare of its roots and weeds, these three or four million peasants in North-Central China perceive that it will be impossible for them to cross the three or four months that still intervene between the end of February and the spring wheat harvest.

This grim, hopeless waiting for slow and inevitable death is not so spectacular as the tense battle-front of an army waiting for the command to charge into the jaws of destruction: but it contains certain deeper elements of tragedy. Here is time for all the human emotions to enter into play. A highly-strung, desperate, just-for-the-moment courage will not serve in this case. These people must sit eye to eye with a terrible and inexorable end for days and weeks and months. They must listen to the heart-bursting wails of their little children pleading for food which they cannot give. Husbands whose strength is no longer protection must feel the thin arms of their wives about their necks, and know that they are coming short of man's primal duty to provide for his own.

The little white rags of mourning on the women's heads, which now blossom more plentifully than weeds in the famine field, mutely tell their own tale of children and husbands laid away without the funeral pomp that is inseparable from the deepest religious convictions of the Chinese. One day this week I saw a man's body, only partly wrapped in matting, lying in a gutter, while, hard-eyed and staring, like a stone image of grief, the widow stood beside it, apparently unable to lift the burden and bear it away. That was an infinitesimal part of the dreadful drama which is being enacted over forty thousand square miles of country, with the life-thirsty famine playing the leading rôle.

The horror of it looms up from whatever angle of vision an observer approaches this calamity: and even when he has his eyes averted. Take such a commonplace matter as a load of firewood, for instance: surely that can have little to do with the misfortunes of these peasants whose dark yellow faces wear the unmistakable famine pallor! In the neighborhood of Suchien, which is about the geographical centre of the stricken territory, firewood is selling for one-half the usual price, although the broom corn, rushes and brushwood burned by the Chinese is more

than double what it normally costs. The handful of foreigners at Suchien (which is so far out of the world that I was informed that I was probably the first traveller to visit it) do not rejoice over the cheapness of firewood, however, for they know that it has been made plentiful because the people have torn down their mud houses in order to sell the few supporting timbers, and because the farmers have dug up their fruit and shade trees in order to market them as fuel. During a single day while I was in Suchien my missionary host had twelve tables brought to him for sale: poor and rickety enough, and useless to him, except to burn, yet they were the chief articles of household furniture and ornament of twelve homes.

That same missionary's dispensary is visited these days by an unusual number of Chinese suffering from stomach troubles: in desperate endeavors to stay the gnawings of the inner man with something, they have eaten poisonous weeds. Even the leaves, roots, fungus, grass and bark from which the people are extracting a measure of nutrition are causing suffering, and preparing the way for deep ravages of disease later. "What are you eating?" I asked the head-man of a village; he pointed to the food the women were preparing to eat, and added, "Everybody is eating greens, and our stomachs grow the cold sickness." That man himself is considered prosperous, and will be given no relief, when relief comes: yet his daily food, instead of being seven bowls of rice, is now two bowls of rice, mixed with a pot of weeds. His next-door neighbor, a picture of despair and perplexity, cried: "Look at me, I have twelve mouths to feed: what can I do? We have been eating two meals a day, with only one bowl of rice mixed in the mess of greens"—and the weeds were at hand when he spoke.

Pointing to a sweet-faced little girl of five, with snapping black eyes, who stood alongside of me, he continued: "Yesterday I carried her out to sell her, but on the way I heard the foreigners were coming to be our saving star, so I brought her back." He was more fortunate than one of his neighbors, who a few days previously had sold his ten-year-old daughter for four thousand cash (about four dollars). On the way back the middleman robbed him of all the money except one dollar and two

quarts of rice. Still another neighbor had sold his child for three dollars. In none of these particular cases were the children designed for immoral purposes: they would become slave girls in well-to-do families and possibly the wives of sons of their purchasers. When first I was asked to buy children I was shocked: since then I have come to realize that this apparently cruel procedure is a means of saving the child's life, and of prolonging the life of the family. In every case of the sale of children that I have investigated the step was literally a last resort: every other salable possession had been sold, and every other method of securing food exhausted.

A famine sets at naught normal conditions and tastes. The peasant farmer of Central China ordinarily feeds his stock, as a poorer grade of fodder, dried sweet potato vines. Now he has no stock: last summer fresh meat sold for less than half price in the markets of Suchien, because so many farm animals went to the block. At present, naturally, with the usual supply gone, the few wealthy who can afford meat find it very high. When sweet-potato leaves were fed to the cattle and hogs, they were plentiful at two and a half cash (a fraction of a cent) a cattie: a cattie is one and a third pounds. Now sweet-potato leaves are scarce at twenty-eight cash a cattie and the farmers who can get them for their own food are envied by their neighbors who are subsisting on weeds.

A common fertilizer in this part of China is the refuse of peanuts,—shells, vines, and the waste of the nut itself, after all the oil has been extracted. This is pressed into the form of big discs, the size of an American cheese. The same is also true of the waste product of bean-oil, which is similarly treated. As fertilizer, and emergency food for cattle, this stuff brought from ten to fifteen cash per cattie in the market: to-day it sells for twenty-eight cash, and is being used only for human food, and that by the comparatively well-to-do.

Stock phrases become luminous and significant when the conditions that give them birth are perceived. Thus "famine prices" is no idle term to one who has visited a famine region. Wheat that sold six months ago for twenty-four cash a cattie now can scarcely be bought for seventy: barley, once eighteen to

twenty cash, now brings forty to fifty. Corn sold for eighteen to twenty cash a cattie: it is at present difficult to procure at sixty-five to seventy. With good reason, the first consignment of relief from Shanghai took the form of flour, to be sold at the old figure, in order to break these prices which are ruining even the prosperous. The former Government engaged to supply the famine sufferers with a cent and a half apiece a day, and really made a serious effort to carry out this promise. But it will take at least a generation of "New China" before the officials could hope to administer such an admirable purpose, or cope efficiently with an extraordinary emergency like this.

"We are living now," said a man with eyes which only a Dante could describe, as we talked together, one day shortly before the Chinese New Year; "but after we have crossed the year, we shall long for grain and long for grain until we long to death." As yet the people are not dropping like flies on the roadside. The actual deaths, due to starvation alone, have been few, considering the vast numbers of the famishing; but lack of food has made the people an easy prey to disease, so that the plague of smallpox, to cite an illustration, is having an easy conquest of the territory, one home in three at the famine's centre being at present afflicted with the disease.

Worse woes await. Thanks to the phenomenal endurance of the Chinese, who are harder to kill than any other human beings on earth, the people have kept at bay the famine monster through all the months since summer: but the end is at hand. "*Yaoming! Yaoming!*" March, April and May will probably yield a death's harvest, compared with which the total of dead in any modern war will appear small. However, since the victims will not lie in heaps or rows, within the view of camera or correspondent, they will not startle humanity: the people will perish in their homes, like animals crawling to their lairs to die.

The note of despair sounded by the man quoted in the preceding paragraph changed to another tone in the case of the village patriarch, an old, bent man, with watery eyes, who supported himself on a sage's "thinking stick." With respect to himself the old man had declared his intention of selling his clothes for two hundred cash (twenty cents) and spending the money

for enough opium to enable him to commit suicide. "What else can I do?" he pathetically asked. Concerning the village he said to the missionary, whom he recognized as the only source through whom aid could come, "If you foreigners help us now, in our next transmigration we will help you." Wherein he perhaps spoke more truly than he knew: for this would seem to be the "psychological moment" for China to receive a new impression of the foreigners whom she so deeply suspects and dislikes. Something of the importance of this is seen by the Protestant missionaries, who, with a rare opportunity for making "rice Christians," prefer the greater ultimate advantage of establishing the prestige of civilization and Christianity. I heard a woman offer to join my companion's church if he would only help her: he explained that she stood a better chance of assistance as she was, for not a penny of the general relief funds have been or would be given to Christians, so long as missionaries remained the distributors. Needy church members are being cared for by the missionaries privately, helped by personal friends.

One of the opinions a famine investigator must revise is that starvation always emaciates. True, a few photographs have been taken, to meet public expectation, of pitifully thin children in China's famine district, but in every case these were secured in a hospital where disease had joined hands with hunger. As a matter of fact, the starving, in nine cases out of ten, become bloated and swollen as with dropsy. I have talked with all but one of the physicians in the famine district, and with most of the missionaries, and all agree upon this point. There is a distension and reddening of the upper eyelids, a swelling of the abdomen, of the face, and then of the body generally. These signs, together with the peculiar dusky, unphotographable pallor, are the signature of starvation.

Day after day one may travel over a vast area and meet this ghastly look. The Chinese peasants, like all Orientals, do not dwell in isolated farmhouses, but in villages. These homes are made of mud, and straw-thatched, and furnished with a meagreness comparable to nothing in Christendom. As the villagers sit in their doorways, or talk together in clusters upon the one overshadowing theme (for they now have nothing to do: they must

await their end in idleness), the progress of starvation in each may be read in his complexion. In one small village, containing a few prosperous families, my companion stopped the conversation, and divided into two groups the cluster of thirty-two men, women and children which surrounded us. We were in an official's home at the time, and the presence of his women and children increased the proportion of the healthy. On one side were ranged those whose appearance was normal: on the other, those who unmistakably wore the famine pallor—so unmistakably that I, unused to the famine and to the Chinese, could instantly detect it. The result was that of those thirty-two villagers, only six could be said to be free from plain signs of starvation, while twenty-six were manifestly suffering from lack of food. Repeatedly, in various villages, we applied this same test, but we never obtained a better proportion of the healthy. Obviously, within a few weeks these ill-fed ones will be dying in their homes and on the roadsides, far beyond the ken of the uncaring world.

All this is unspectacular, in the broad interpretation of that word. The real weight of this terrible calamity is falling where civilization's eye does not penetrate. Yet there is one aspect of the famine that masses a small part of the misery in an interest-compelling fashion. While the country was yet submerged by the spring and summer floods which were the cause of the disaster, and while mud-houses were tumbling by the thousands into the water, a south-bound procession began that resembled the fleeing of the wild animals before the approach of a forest fire: only these people sought to evade the menacing monster Famine, bloodthirsty for their lives. Many crowded to the water's edge the Chinese junks going down the canal: others trundled their poor possessions and their children on wheelbarrows. By scores and hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands they gathered about the walls of cities to the south of the Yangtze River. Such as could secure a few cash made themselves shelters of matting, an entire family being crowded into a hut less than waist high. I have inspected many thousands of these huts—each a separate story of misery—but I do not recall one that was high enough to permit a man to stand erect, or wide enough to enable him to lie down at full length.

These ominous, and yet amazingly law-abiding, cities of the starving, perishing from cold, disease and hunger within a few yards of flaunting grain shops, compelled official attention. A measure of relief was given to at least a proportion of the refugees in these concentration camps, although it was in no case adequate. The Chinese estimate of the number of these refugees far exceeded a million: I myself saw only half a million. The variety of hardship and suffering which these insufficient mat-houses covered would afford substance for volumes. There are, for example, the births, babies being brought into the world by starving mothers lying on the bare ground, with no clothes awaiting the little ones, no friendly hand to care for them and no fire to warm them. At the other extreme are the deaths, so numerous that one almost became callous at the sight of them. The other day a missionary visitor to the Chinkiang camp came across the dead body of a woman in one of the huts. Beside it lay three small children. The woman had been dead since the previous day, but the children were too small to realize it.

One of the pathetic sidelights on the famine is that some of the bereaved women can conform to China's inexorable custom concerning the wearing of mourning only by sticking a few white strings of flax or of dried grass in their hair, because they cannot afford so much as eight square inches of old white rag. Disease in these camps is another harrowing chapter. In one place, Yangchow, smallpox broke out among the refugees, but the officials refused to permit the foreign doctors to vaccinate. It really appears as if the greatest activity has been shown by the Chinese officials in the direction of the ingenious and multiform, though entirely vain, endeavors to get their immemorial "squeeze" from the foreign relief funds. Europeans in the East know China too well to be caught napping.

The callousness of China toward the suffering of its own people, and the lack of national cohesion and of any sentiment approaching brotherliness and altruism, was shown by the heartless manner in which most of these refugee camps were broken up by the officials. Weary of the burden of support, and fearful of trouble for themselves should these multitudes rise and riot, the famine sufferers were sent back home—or wherever else they

might choose to go—in the midst of the cold weather, and just as the winter rains had come on. Of course this meant death for the refugees: the Chinese officials realized this, but what cared they, so long as they could escape personal responsibility? The famine victims knew it also: and as I passed scores and hundreds of these dejected, dispirited, hopeless groups, on and about the family wheelbarrow, they would dully reiterate the old, old lament, that they were going back to die: going back to yield their lives to the insatiable monster, Famine. And do the best that they may, all the forces of relief, and all the philanthropy of Christendom, cannot prevent that dull dread from being realized: thousands upon thousands must die unspectacularly, even though the millions be saved.

PATHOLOGY OF WOMEN'S WORK

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

AN immigrant, living in the slums of New York City, once said of himself and others of the sweat-shop community to which he belonged, "We live *under* America, not *in* America." To-day the able, well-trained, socially-advantaged women in "gainful occupations" are in the world of man's organized labor; the ignorant, unskilled and poverty-bound women are *under* that world of machine-dominated, capitalized and specialized industry. While the capable "spinster" has demonstrated the social usefulness of training and opportunity for the woman who, in professional or business life, is making her life-work respected in equal balance with that of men in the same field, the women wage-earners in manual labor, the "factory girls" and the "shop girls," are seeing chiefly the wrong side of industrial competition. The majority of girls have always worked at some kind of labor, of definite economic value, between the period of leaving school and of marriage; but they have for the most part worked at home. To-day, hundreds of thousands of girls, between the ages of fourteen and sixteen years, leave school and enter the ranks of wage-earners outside the home. The industrial condition of this large class of girls is intimately connected with five specific social evils which demand constant attention from all who work in "needy families" and from all who try to aid human failures toward a better condition.

These five social evils are related to charity and correction on one side and, on the other side, to the industrial training and vocational guidance of girls. They are:

- I. Prostitution.
- II. Poverty; as caused by physical weakness and disease.
- III. Poverty; as caused by character-weakness and by mental incapacity not due to actual defectiveness.
- IV. Poverty; as caused or increased by the lack of thrift, of judgment and of household capacity on the part of the house-mother.

V. Poverty; as caused or increased by the general economic incapacity and weakness of the deserted wife or widowed mother upon whom the children depend.

This many-sided evil, so patent to all social workers, obliges the candid and earnest student of the problems involved in the condition of women in modern industry to consider the pathological as well as the normal side; the philanthropic as well as the educational significance of that problem.

What is the problem of women's industrial position? Not that women are newly in industry—they have always been there. Marriage customs and laws fixing the economic value of the service of women to the family reach back to the beginnings of social organization. Women have but recently acquired the "pay envelope," it is true, their compensation through unnumbered centuries being given them in "truck" or in "kind"; but that fact did not prevent their constant labor.

It is the movement from domestic handicraft, and personal tool, and individual process, to the present power-driven machinery with its capitalized plant, that makes the worker go to it for his labor instead of taking his labor to the home, which creates the new element in women's work. The change which created the shop and the factory, makes the new problem of women's labor. Women, as cannot be too often insisted upon, are doing the old things,—spinning, weaving, making garments of all kinds, manufacturing, preserving, preparing the food products, and continuing a thousand processes that give comfort to personal and domestic life; but they are doing these old tasks in a new place and by a new method.

The majority of women, however, have not changed the method and place of work wholly or for the whole of their lives. They have only as a large and increasing minority, which promises to become a majority, of the sex, adopted the new methods in the new place of work for a portion of their lives. Herein lies the reason for much that is confusing in the problem of women's labor to-day.

Let us examine these conditions:

From 20 to 30 per cent. of women and girls between the ages of 10 and 60 years are listed by the census and other official re-

ports as in "gainful occupations," that is, in receipt of wages or salary; as contrasted with between 80 and 85 per cent. of men and boys of the same ages thus engaged in "gainful occupations." But this is not an accurate indication of the relative numbers of men and women employed for some portion of their lives for wages or salary. The facts show that fully one-half of the women over 16 years of age spend from 3 to 10 years of their lives in some forms of compensated labor outside their own homes, one-third of the young women between 15 and 24 years being so employed. The average working term for the wage-earning women is from 4 to 5 years; so that in a period of 20 years, in which the personnel of the wage-earning class of men would be fairly stable, the personnel of the wage-earning class of women would be four to five times changed. That means, that the number of women and girls at work at any given moment is not a fair showing of the number of women and girls working during some portion of their lives. It must be particularly noted that this wage-earning period is in early youth. The overwhelming majority of women engaged in gainful occupations are under 25 years of age; and most of them, the larger number, under 21. The youth of these workers and their short term of service in organized industry outside the home are two facts bearing directly upon the pathological elements in women's work.

These twin facts make natural another fact, namely, that about 75 per cent. of girls who enter trades and occupations between the ages of 14 and 17 years (and this class in the United States constitutes a large part of that wage-earning army of 7,000,000 or more women), enter occupations which offer no future of either financial or educational advance. The work is taken up without serious choice or preparation and without personal ambition or special training. Such work demands only the lowest faculties and, hence, can rarely, if ever, furnish a living wage on the basis of a really human standard of living.

Moreover, added to the facts respecting the proportions, the age, the low grade and, therefore, poorly paid labor in which working-girls engage, is another of great importance, namely, that although 205 out of the more than 300 industries listed in the census employ women in considerable numbers, these women

are, for the most part, doing the unskilled parts of this varied industry, even when that industry offers a chance for rising in skill and compensation, and even when they continue many years in it. This shows that the minority of women of unbroken employment, who do continue for a long period in a trade or occupation, suffer permanently from constant competition with an ever-changing army of young girls who enter and leave without really feeling themselves a part of organized industry.

This again leads to the slowness of perception on the part of employers of women and girls that they must or should be dealt with as men are dealt with on the basis of an independent, self-supporting class.

The "working-girl" (and the youth of the average woman worker makes the name most appropriate), is still looked upon as one engaged in a transient effort to help in the family support, and her employment for wages outside the house is still looked upon as either a temporary, if necessary, evil, or a negligible incident quite outside her true and permanent way of life. Most people have yet to learn that this new way of doing the old duties of "woman's sphere" is simply a new form of the economic contribution of women to the world of work, and, hence, must be adjusted to the new industrial conditions as a permanent part of labor, and in such fashion as will best conserve the well-being of men, and women, and of the family. Among the adjustments imperatively demanded is that which has to do with the present divorce, both in interest and process, of the wage-earning period of the young working-girl from the home life she usually reenters after this wage-earning period has passed. As Miss Sumner so well puts it in her history of *Women in Industry*, the work of most girls "no longer fits in with their ideals" and has, therefore, "lost its charm." It constitutes not a preparation for their permanent activity, but an interlude or interruption in the main business of their life as they naturally conceive it.

The old forms of domestic work were not only trained for in the home, and directly and obviously aided the comfort of the home, but they were, also, admirably calculated to prevent the woman from too early specializing in her work. They were particularly helpful, therefore, in the development of an all-round

"faculty" and adaptability in the mastery of things for human use and comfort,—the qualities most needed in the average house-mother. The girl learned all the manifold processes of the old-fashioned household industries from the mother at home. She specialized, indeed, to some extent as natural talent indicated, becoming noted as a "good cook," or a "skilled weaver" on the hand loom, or a gifted dyer of home-made cloth, or an expert cutter or maker of clothing, or what not; but it was a purely natural specialization and never could become a narrow and monotonous doing of but one thing. This was hard upon the genius, and almost equally so upon the woman of marked talent, intellectual or artistic, who, undoubtedly, should have been released from the universal bondage to "general housework" and allowed to specialize in her chosen way. This general training formed, however, a fine technical and moral discipline for the average girl; and it resulted in saving for Nature's uses in the family one-half the race at least from that tyranny of over-specialization which has hampered the average man in his personal development. In modern industrial organization the girl who, at 14 to 16 years of age, goes to work in a shop or factory is specialized at once, and usually on the least educational parts of the industry she is employed in, and along some line she cannot pursue at home as a house-mother. Therefore, her brief incursion into this outside world of organized labor is not only short, not only made at a time of life when she is least able to take educational advantage of it without educational guidance, but it is so unrelated in obvious detail to the marriage she wants, and the re-absorption in home life she seeks, that all concerned fail to see its relation to her character development.

The experience of the race shows that we get our most important education not through books but through our work. We are developed by our daily task, or else demoralized by it, as by nothing else. The training of books is recent and superficial for most of the race and only touches the outer and upper edges of the social consciousness. The training by one's necessary work reaches back to the beginnings of social discipline for social ends. It still forms the most vital part of physical, mental and moral training. Hence, the fact that one-third of one-half the race, and

that the mother-half that perforce stamps its quality most irrevocably upon offspring, spends from 3 to 10 years in work entered upon without plan, pursued as a mere and often disliked incident on the way from the father's to the husband's home, and therefore accepted with all its evil concomitants of poor wages and bad conditions as *something not to be bettered but to be escaped from as soon as possible*, constitutes a social evil of the first magnitude. Any work not made an education and a discipline becomes inevitably a source of mental or moral injury; and the greatest evils connected with the modern forms of women's labor grow out of the failure to treat the wage-earning of women as a serious and permanent educational opportunity. The low wages, the philanthropy which makes a hard-working girl a subject of charity in the provisions of "boarding homes" to piece out the too low wage, the long hours, the unpaid overtime, the tyranny of inhumane or vicious overseers—these evils would not be tolerated for a decade if it were clearly understood that the working-girl in "gainful occupations" is a fixture. Were it clearly understood, also, that the married woman earning salary or wages is in the field by right if she can guarantee society that her motherhood is not injured thereby; that the deserted wife or widow, held responsible for her own support and for as much of her children's as she can justly meet, is but fulfilling woman's old economic debt to society under new industrial conditions, in a new place and by a new method; were these things once clearly understood all would see that women must be aided to fit the new processes of self-support into harmonious relation with the full social demand upon women. The poorer the class of women, the greater the demand for this readjustment, and the greater the need for social aid in the process.

With all this in view, let us consider more definitely the social evils bound up with the pathological industrial conditions of women's work.

I. *Prostitution*. It is not true, as a celebrated minister of religion has stated, that "prostitution is solely an economic question." The ancient enemies of human progress, greed and lust, and the ancient drawbacks to human progress, ignorance, laziness, self-indulgence, vanity and lack of moral responsibility, are

now, as ever, causes of the social evil. But prostitution is and always has been in part, and often in large part, an economic question.

Women in older stages of social and domestic organization were mostly cared for within the household, but not all in a form of marriage we should now consider honorable. With the increase of individual economic responsibility among women, there has been a corresponding increase in *the ease of access to young girls by the exploiting forces of evil*. There has also been a clearer conception on the part of young girls of what economic conditions actually are, and of that "easiest way" of earning the more luxurious life, which so soon becomes the hardest and most suffering way. We have often had pictured to us the effect upon the hard-working man who comes home at night with a dollar and a half of earnings, of his neighbor's condition in the same tenement whose begging has resulted in a total of three, five or even ten dollars. This produces paupers, we rightly say; and we, therefore, beg people not to give to beggars. Who can rightly picture the effect upon a young girl of 14 to 18 years of age, living in a tenement house where everyone knows everyone else, returning from a week's hard work, with her pitiful wage of two, three, four or five dollars, when she meets a friend who has earned in nameless ways enough to buy finery to wear on "rides" and to "shows" for which the youthful soul longs? The low wages of women are a direct incitement to vice; they constitute the great disadvantage of virtue; they make it easier for all the evil elements that prey upon ignorance and innocence and weakness to secure their horrible maiden tribute each year. The only lasting protection of womanhood is in its own power of self-support and self-direction. We shall be fatally handicapped in endeavors to check the social evil until girls enter the industrial field better safeguarded by intelligence; better trained for special work which is needed and, hence, well paid for; stronger industrially to demand and secure decent treatment; and, above all, with greater desire to do good work and rise in their positions by merit and not by favor, because made conscious by preliminary education of the real significance of their partnership in organized labor, however brief that partnership may be.

Reading from a social worker's diary, we note the features of a common type found in the class of wayward girls; "Mary J., 17 years old, went to work in a candy manufactory at 12 years of age; told the Boss she was 14; mother told him so too; stayed there six months; Boss fired her because she stayed out a day when he wanted her to work. Went into another candy place; the foreman was 'fresh,' all the time fooling with the girls; he was good to her though, gave her tickets to dances; she stayed there longer but left to be with a girl she met at the dance; went around with her a lot but did not stay longer than two months in a place; couldn't do the work sometimes, other times didn't want to stay, thought she could do better elsewhere; mother hadn't 'no right to kick'; she was 'looking out for herself'; went to stay with this friend who had a 'gentleman'—nice man with money; then she got a gentleman friend, too, but 'he done me dirt'—'I had to go on the street'; 'Yes, worked off and on in a good many shops,' but it didn't do any good, 'got took up just the same.' 'No, don't want to work in a family—just want to get out of this place and do as I please; no chance for me in anything decent—now!'"

In all discussions of the causes and reform of the "social evil," let it become clearly understood that prostitution requires for its diminution not only laws, well enforced, to abolish the traffic in womanhood; not only better social protection against harpies who seduce young girls seeking an honest livelihood; not only better chaperonage of young girls in exposed occupations; not only better opportunities for natural enjoyment of youthful pleasure under morally safe conditions; not only these—but most of all, greater power on the part of the average young girl to earn her own support under right conditions and for a living wage.

II. That measure of excessive poverty which is due to physical weakness and disease is intimately connected with the conditions of wage-earning women and girls. All know, and social workers keenly realize, that at least one-third of the "cases" demanding charitable relief have thus to make appeal because of sickness or accident. The connection between this fact and the work conditions of girls of the poorer classes is now so obvious

as to constitute matter for study alike by physicians, publicists and philanthropists. All the more important movements toward legally safeguarding the health and morals of manual workers are now aimed most specifically toward bettering the conditions of "women and children."

This linking of "women and children" together in statutes which not only protect against industrial exploitation, but also render more difficult women's competition with men in the labor market, rests on the deep social consciousness that society demands of potential motherhood such health and strength as future children need. There is grave difference of opinion between those who stand, on the one side, for the right of women workers to a fair field in the competition for self-support, and those on the other side who look upon all women as social wards, because of their social value as "human beings of the mother-sex." Most labor reformers are hazy as to the fundamental principles involved. Some of the most ardent of these labor reformers at one and the same moment declare for woman's right, equal and equally guaranteed in law, to all opportunities for educational work and professional careers, and also declare for society's right to fetter the married woman in her competition with men in labor at every point by legislation that places adult women and little children in the same category. Such illogical leadership naturally confuses hopelessly the public mind. Those who believe that the chief social need (especially when the evil of prostitution is considered), is that women shall be given industrial freedom and opportunity in order to readjust themselves in a new industrial order to their old economic burdens, must, it seems clear, be chary of ranking adult women and children together in labor laws. Those, on the other hand, who believe that such economic readjustment of all women is less important than the protection of those women who are married or who may marry from diseases injurious to motherhood, must go much further than they now propose to do in the economic support of both girls and women by social provisions. This grave but often unconscious difference in leadership in the "woman movement" may be eased, if not resolved into agreement, if the youth of the average wage-earning girl and the short average term of her wage-

earning be considered. We may well be cautious about interfering too partially by law with the work of women of mature age, and with those who have an industrial experience leading them to trade-union organization, through which a more democratic form of protection may reasonably be hoped for. There can be no question, however, that girls under 21 are fit subjects for as much legal protection from industrial exploitation as we can possibly secure and enforce. Further than this, there is no question that to deplete the vitality, to injure the health, to undermine the constitutional vigor of the potential mothers of the race, before they have reached their maturity, is to poison the fountain of life at its very source.

We must make haste to equalize for boys and girls a legal majority of 21 years; then, whatever may come to be the decision as to what the State shall do, or not do, in respect to women over 21, or in regard to women who have been employed over 5 years in a given trade, there can be no question that the working-girl, flitting about from one bad employment to another, and not stopping in any one long enough either to learn its value or master its conditions, and flitting out of all organized industry back to the home in less than a decade, should be protected against evil conditions she neither understands nor can change. Legal protection, however, is only one side. Better training for more skilled and promising employments, those that pay better at first, and offer more rapid advance, is the other and quite as important side. The proof that ill health and consequent incapacity to give vigor to offspring does result from a long list of evils connected with the working life of young women, even when not continued above three or four years, is ample. That many trades are specially inimical to women's physique, that monotonous and too rapid machine-work injures the delicate nervous organism of young girls and produces a positive poison of fatigue, and that all this is connected with under-vitalization, the indolence of weakness, the general debility that does not kill but hopelessly incapacitates and which so invalidates motherhood—this is clear and sinister in suggestion.

Another quotation from a social worker's diary gives the story of Rosie J., which might be multiplied many thousand

times. "Rosie J., aged 18, is found in hospital; she went to a Settlement class and her teacher visits her. She has worked hard ever since she can remember; helped 'make pants before she went to school'; got her working papers at 14; hadn't got through the sixth grade—was out so much 'taking care of the kids when mother was sick.' 'Liked school'? 'Yes, but didn't get on very well; teacher thought she was stupid; used to go to sleep in school sometimes; so tired. Worked in store, cash girl and bundle girl; had a place at counter at last.' 'Yes, the work was good enough; but father was took sick, went to hospital, died; mother, and the children, all younger than me, had to have all my wages; earned \$4.75; didn't have much myself with eight of us till the two boys got to work; had bad cold; couldn't stay at home; doctor at dispensary said I must have milk and eggs; didn't tell how we could get 'em; got worse and worse; had to come here; doctor says he's going to send me away for two months, but they can't get along without my wages; must go home.' "

Is it not clear that Rosie and her like should be legally held as minors until 21 and that all power of social control we have achieved should be used to prevent such exploitation of girlhood?

The social demand for this prevention of health-destroying overwork under bad physical conditions of the young girls who are potential mothers and whose vitality and vigor are our dependence for the people's strength, can need no argument for its support.

The third and fourth evils of poverty due to lack of moral and mental power and of work-efficiency are distinctly traceable to defective homes, and defective homes everyone knows are largely the result of incompetence in the house-mother.

Dr. Warner gives us as "subjective causes of poverty," "shiftlessness," "unhealthy diet," "lack of judgment," and other elements of personal character which depend markedly for their eradication or substantial diminution upon an improved home environment in early youth. Those finer elements of relief which involve education and disciplinary measures to increase the personal power of the "charitable patient" are all

the outgrowth of a clear perception that, in the case of many people, it is themselves and not their condition, that first needs mending. The inability rightly to use existing opportunities for bettering one's lot is a common complaint; one that no proposed mass-uplift, by change of circumstance, without any active coöperation of the classes or persons to be benefited, will wholly cure. The connection between the capacity to make the best and most of existing possibilities for personal advancement and family health and well-being, and the mental and moral power of the house-mother, needs only mention to be appreciated. But the connection between the untrained, unambitious, shirking, careless attitude of the girls at work for wages, and the lack of character and ability to manage a home afterward, is not often clearly seen. It is not alone the absence of that specific training which the old domestic forms of industry gave the girl in the specific processes she would later need in her own home that makes her brief wage-earning period ineffective as preparation for later responsibilities, it is also, and quite as important a factor, the positive injury to the *work-sense*, the *demoralization of the faculty of true service*, that her shallow and transitory connection with outside trade or occupation so often gives.

If a person has been really disciplined by her task in any form of effort, she can transfer that power of using means intelligently to ends, that mastery over obstacles, that capable and effective use of work-processes, from one to another sort of effort, with an ease proportioned to native power and the thoroughness of this previous training. But if she has merely "held down a job" for three to five years without interest, ambition, mental grasp or moral faithfulness, she has acquired no principal of work-power to invest in the new occupation. Herein is the worst of all the effects, because the most subtle and far-reaching in moral character, of the short wage-earning experience of the average girl of the poorer classes.

Poverty resulting from character-weakness or mental deficiency depends for its substantial diminution not only upon radical economic reforms, not only upon the general disciplinary and educational influences of enlightened charity, but especially upon a training of young womanhood which shall raise the standard

of the home environment in early life and produce a higher grade of mother, more definitely trained for her work with her children.

V. Poverty as related to the work of women after marriage and in widowhood, is a vital concern. The fact that a decent standard of living cannot be maintained in many families without some compensated labor of married women, and the further fact that widows and deserted wives must generally use their full earning capacity in the care of self and children, definitely relate themselves to women's present industrial training and opportunity. The further fact that among the most pitiful of all "charity cases" are those of women of mature years suddenly confronted with the necessity for self-support and having only "general ability," and that of a low grade, to bring to the market, shows that the education of the average girl does not fit for "real life" because leaving out that great essential—the fitting for earning a "livelihood." If these three classes of women (married mothers, widowed and deserted wives, and middle-aged self-supporting women), are forced to take the "labor leavings," as it were, the poorest paid and most sweated kinds of work,—it is a social evil as well as a personal wrong.

The amount of work that a mother of young children can safely and properly do is a matter of dispute; but it is already clear that she is the last person in the world to leave untrained and unprotected to suffer the worst evils of industrial exploitation. The finest social use of the average house-mother needing paid occupation has not yet been devised, still less applied in work-opportunity; but it is already clear that any person who wants compensated labor, especially when past the bloom of youth, must not only be "good," but economically good for something the world wants done and will compensate therefor. To leave a woman to find out that fact at the age of 40 or 50 is a grotesque and inhumane mistake.

All labor difficulties centre in their final and most puzzling questions about the home, the adjustment of the work of men and women to each other's task, and of the tasks of both to family and social welfare. To settle upon a more reasonable, and a more self-protecting, and a more economically effective

relationship of the average woman to the modern industrial order, would be to aid greatly toward the solution of all problems of a "living wage" and a "better standard of living."

The period between 14 and 16 years of age (our most difficult period both for the favored in circumstances and the poorer class of children), must, we are coming to see, offer right opportunity for trade-teaching in the case of those who must earn their living as soon as possible. This is acknowledged generally in the case of boys. It must become equally apparent, and that soon, in the case of girls. For the reasons already given, it has become socially criminal to leave a young girl without training for some specific form of vocational work which will yield her a fair living wage, and will furnish some opportunity for rising in her work, if she remains in it, to a position of honor and adequate compensation. The few attempts at intelligent vocational education of girls prove its feasibility.

The kind of trade-teaching for girls must be varied and adapted to the locality; being in line with the need for women workers in or near the girl's home. Trade schools must also be more or less organically related to the public-school system according to the local conditions. All vocational training for girls, however, must be based on certain considerations of the social demands upon women. For the most part, the "three roots" of women's employment on which the curriculum of that pioneer enterprise, the "Manhattan Trade School for Girls" in New York, was based, will probably be our constant guides; these are:

- 1st. The needle, leading through plain sewing up to millinery and dressmaking.
- 2nd. The hand-machine, leading up through simple to elaborate clothing, gloves and shoe manufacture; and to the power-machine and its relation to wholesale production.
- 3rd. The paste brush, leading up through "sample cards" and small fancy articles, to bookbinding or works of art.

These three roots of trade-teaching for girls meet the needs of the majority because most closely related to ancient lines of

women's work. The demand for trade-teaching for girls is not one of charity, for aid of a few poorest in circumstances. It is not created by effort for the wayward. It is a demand of social requirement that all girls be trained to make more effectively in the new industrial order the same contribution to the economic commonwealth which they so well made by the old methods under the old régime of labor.

We shall work out the right methods in this industrial training for girls when once we have clearly and definitely perceived the higher social demands for it.

Tax-supported schools should and must supply this imperative need in education. Such schools must offer enough trade-training to enable the average girl to "catch hold higher up" in the mechanism of modern industry. They must offer such a vocational training and vocational guidance to girls, as to boys, as can insure more rapid advance in kind and in reward of labor.

In many trade-schools for boys, we see the sobering effect upon the boys of 18 to 20 years of age of the new-born consciousness of need to choose a life-work and a "good job for good." The average girl, with her 3 to 10 years' period of wage-earning, rarely gains from her wage-earning itself that salutary sense of economic responsibility. If, however, her briefer relationship to the splendid organization of modern industry could give her some of its character-products, she might take a much-needed social value back into the home life.

That economy of force, that cunning adaptation of means to ends, that use of labor-saving devices and that systematic development and application of brains to labor,—in what dire need of these stands the average household management!

Rightly interpreted to her consciousness and rightly used in educational fashion, the wage-earning experience of the average girl might lead to the improvement of the whole domestic machinery. The personal economic advantage, also, of such a definite, specialized training and labor, to a young girl, would give the older unmarried women, the wife continuing to earn, the deserted or widowed mother, the woman in middle life seeking paid employment,—a better chance all around. It would immeasurably lessen the present exploitation of women in industry.

Nothing short of a training that makes all young men and all young women easier masters of their economic fate can satisfy the modern demand of vocational preparation for life. The silly cry of the "manless land for the landless man" as a measure of relief for the unskilled laborer who has no "sense" or "faculty," is already discredited. Only the man who as a boy coaxed and helped the "green things growing," is likely to free himself from the despotism of greed in labor crises by efficient use of the farm. The equally silly cry of "domestic labor, well paid and useful" as a measure of relief for women who were never trained in any household art in childhood, is to be equally discredited. The true economic value of woman's work inside the home can only be secured and rightly recognized by and through a higher efficiency and security of wage-earning on the part of the average girl outside the home. The placing of a just market value upon the labor of the house-mother waits for a more rational and consistent attitude of mind toward the average wage-earning woman.

The expense of needed industrial training, in the case of girls at least, should not be considered for a moment. Women, as a sex, have paid society in advance for any possible cost for their education in any line needed either by the gifted individual or by the masses of common womanhood. They have worked unceasingly, before and since labor laws regulated "hours"; they have worked for "board and clothes" only, secured no more than the babies in their arms in legal ownership in the family estate; they have labored in every form of drudgery and taken over all the things men did not like to do and added them to their own natural service. Only sages have had insight to cry, "Give her of the fruit of her hands and let her own works praise her in the gates." Women have been for the most part "silent partners" in every great industrial as in every great moral enterprise of humanity. Their own development as individuals has been postponed until the whole foundation of social order has been laid in the very substance of their social service to common needs. If women, as a whole, need a new education to fit for more efficient adjustment their old economic burdens to the new conditions of professional and industrial life,

then society owes them that education as a debt. The daughters of the race to the remotest future should receive as an "unearned increment," but yet a rightful inheritance from the mothers of the race to the remotest past, every advantage of training for life that any community can give. It is no favor of men to the exceptionally gifted woman which has grudgingly opened college and laboratory to the brilliant members of the sex which has waited so long for recognition of its right in education. It is no gift of generosity to girls of average talent and circumstance which starts belated trade-schools, and makes the High and Normal Schools more accessible to them as preparation for wage and salary earning. The unpaid service of women to the home and to social order throughout the ages demands as merely decent recompense every chance to live and to grow, to do and to be, that the world of to-day can offer. For men to refuse this, now that social science has revealed the race-indebtedness to women, would be to proclaim themselves bankrupt of honor in the Court of Justice. For women to fail to hear the new call to social service which the new time sounds in their ears would be to throw the assets of ages of drudgery into the waste-heap. For women of the privileged few to fail in perception and realization of that sex-solidarity which is not sex-antagonism but simple fidelity to the Guild of Womanhood, is pitiful proof of the dwarfing effect of past subjection. The "new conscience," of which Jane Addams speaks so convincingly in her recent articles on the social evil, is but one expression of the growing conviction that the problem of woman's personal freedom and woman's social duty is one and the same problem. It reaches from the dark chasm of traffic in womanhood by greed and lust to the heights of honor where the women of light and leading enrich and beautify the world. To-day this problem is acute, and many of its elements confused and confusing, because all the other special problems of our time, political, economic and social, reach their deepest significance and most vital application in relation to womanhood and the home. Here, as in all other crisis-efforts toward human progress, education, more and more effective education, is the watchword. Here, as elsewhere, it is only "culture that shall yet absorb chaos itself."

THE STUBBORN FARMER

PETER MCARTHUR

THE path of progress is now blocked by the farmer. Although he produces the food of the world, he refuses to benefit by the discoveries of science and fall in step with the forward march of all other workers. Indifferent, inefficient, stubborn, he tills his land in antiquated ways, makes a starved and narrow living and cares nothing for art or culture. In spite of glowing reports of what has been accomplished in exceptional cases and special localities, those who would teach him are in despair and he is simply annoyed by their efforts to uplift him.

Yet, in this deplorable state of affairs, I contend that the farmer is not so much to blame as some of those who are condemning him. Instead of jumping to the conclusion that what he needs is education, we should make sure that we should not be learning some things from him. As a home-builder the farmer is far in advance of those who live in city apartments and complain of the high cost of living, and as homes are the foundation of our civilization the farmer's point of view may be worth considering. When a large body of men refuse to be moved by things that seem good to the rest of us we should stop to investigate, instead of getting abusive. Even "We that have good wits have much to answer for," and though the farmer may not be able to formulate and express his objections to our ideas of progress we should not assume that there is no sound reason for his opposition. After associating with farmers for some years, living the same life and doing the same work as they do, I am convinced that there is something so fundamental in their opposition to the present attempts to improve their condition and teach them scientific methods that we must recast our ideas of progress and approach the problem in a new way. The truth seems to be that the farmer is living in accord with an unformulated philosophy that is compacted of the accumulated experience of ages. It is bred in his bones instead of being expressed

in books, and you cannot get him to give it up by scolding, especially when you do not understand his inherited point of view.

As a rule, the farmer is the hardest-working man in the community, doing the sordid drudgery of the world and getting little in return. Even though he produces the absolute essentials of life—the food we must all have—his place in the social order is one of contempt and he is the butt of every humorist who cares to raise a laugh at his uncouth appearance and unpolished manners. I know it is not the custom at present to say such things, for the new way of dealing with the farmer is to flatter him; but he knows in his heart that the compliments are insincere and that only makes him more stubborn. He also feels in his bones that he is nearer to the truth than those who are trying to teach him. To express sympathetically the objections of even the most backward and stubborn farmer is the purpose of this article.

To begin with, there are three things that every man must have in order to live with his fellows. He must have food, shelter and clothing. To insure these permanently he must have an established home. If the home is a farm, he can, if necessary, secure the raw materials for all three direct from nature and perfect them by his own labor. He is, in reality, independent of the rest of the world. You can do away with the cities, as has sometimes happened in time of war, and the farmer can still exist. But let the farmer disappear and the cities will disappear with him. He is the Atlas of our social fabric and bears the whole weight of it on his broad shoulders. No matter how it is managed, the raw materials of food, shelter and clothing must be drawn from the same source—the land. When they are produced and marketed in sufficient quantities, business and society can go on developing; but let the supply be checked or become inadequate and the building of “the cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples” stops at once. The great and the graceful and the beautiful must have food, shelter and clothing just like ordinary people, and if these are not produced they must go back to the land to produce them for themselves. The present high cost of living shows that we are now tending in that direction and though there is much talk of a “back to the land” movement the population of the cities con-

tinues to increase. To relieve the situation the Government is doing much to encourage the farmers to increase the production of necessities. Agricultural colleges have been established to teach scientific methods of farming, and organizations of many kinds have been promoted to encourage progress in all kinds of farm work. In some localities the results have been gratifying, but the supply of necessities does not keep pace with the demand. If all farmers responded to the kind of encouragement that is being given, the situation would be relieved at once, as production would be doubled or trebled. That they do not respond seems incredible as, apparently, they would be the first to benefit, by having more to sell; but investigation shows that there are many real grounds for their reluctance.

A vast majority of the workers who are now on the farms are descended from ancestors who have in all ages drawn their subsistence from the soil. Besides inheriting the traditional methods of tilling the soil, that are now causing so much trouble to the educationists, they have inherited a point of view that is more obstructive. Centuries of observation have taught the farming population to be conservative about everything. Although the cities could not exist if they were not constantly recruited from the country, only a small proportion of those who leave the farms win anything like the comfort enjoyed by those who remain behind. Many are wrecked in the unfamiliar struggle into which they plunge. Their courses are followed by the home-keepers and the result is that they are wary of anything that savors of out-reaching ambition. To succeed in the city a man must be a business man. To succeed in the country along the new lines that are being advocated, a man must also be a business man. But the city offers much larger opportunities to the men with real business instincts and consequently a majority of them seek their fortunes there. This in itself is a serious drain on the farming population, as it takes away the men who, if they applied themselves to farming, would make successes and encourage their neighbors. If you inquire in any farming community you will soon find that a large proportion of those who try to branch out as farmers and adopt new methods without having sufficient training or the necessary business ability

come to grief. As failures are much more noticeable in the country than in the city, these examples also tend to make the others cautious.

On the other hand, it is a matter of common knowledge that the man who works hard, sticks to the old methods and cultivates thrift will win a modest competence and a dignified position in the community. The old and tried methods are backed by all the accumulated folk-wisdom of centuries. The new methods as yet appear risky, because they almost invariably mean the expenditure of capital. Although the country is an inexhaustible storehouse of proverbs and sayings, I am inclined to think that "Never venture, never win" did not originate among farmers. Their favorites are such as "Far-away birds have fine feathers," "A penny saved is a penny gained."

The farmer with his piece of land, from which he gets a yearly living, is not keen to try new methods which he fears may make him lose all. But perhaps the strongest force that makes for conservatism is public opinion close to the soil. This is entirely different from the public opinion that finds expression in the papers and on the platform. Mrs. Grundy may sometimes put in an appearance in the towns and cities, but the country is her permanent residence. She greets every suggestion of progress with a sniffing joke and a raucous laugh. Maeterlinck in his *Life of the Bee* mentions among the controlling impulses of the lives of the Norman peasants, "the fear of hell and public opinion." That does not apply exactly in the new world. Many of our farmers take chances with the future state, but few of them have the courage to face public opinion. In the backward districts every progressive step is regarded as a sign of uppishness. "Thinks he is better than other folks!" sniffs Mrs. Grundy. If a man dares to make a few improvements on his place, it is at once dubbed "The Model Farm" and the owner is greeted with sarcasm wherever he goes. This may sound trivial, but only those who know something of the sensitiveness of country people can in any way gauge the force of public opinion as expressed in gossip. It is a lash of scorpions which they all fear, and it is wielded with such deadly effect that every neighborhood has its petty feuds. Add to this the lack

of initiative which characterizes so many people, and it is not hard to understand why improved methods of farming are so slow in making headway in many localities. Compulsory education has not helped matters much, for the written word has no force against the spoken word of ignorance. Moreover, education can by no means take the place of evolution. Only by giving the farmers greater opportunities can we stimulate the evolution of a more capable and scientific agricultural class.

In one respect the farmer is entirely different from all other men who earn their livings by manual labor. It is not absolutely necessary for him to deal with his fellow-men. He can get his food direct from nature. He can raise his own meat, cereals and vegetables. He can get his fuel and building material from the same source and also the wool for his clothing. The pioneers of the country often existed for long periods practically without money, securing the few things they needed, that were not produced on their farms, by barter. This lesson that was ground into them, and which they perhaps inherited from ancestors in the old world where the same conditions prevailed, still persists sufficiently to influence their children in the present day. It is true that the farmers of the present buy their clothing, shoes and groceries, but such expenditures almost fall under the head of luxuries. In a time of stress they can be largely dispensed with and the farmer can live entirely by dealing with nature, which seldom fails him in bringing the seed-time and harvest. Dealing with nature is an entirely different matter from dealing with his fellow-men. What a man sows, that shall he reap; and as he deals with nature she will deal with him. If he fertilizes and drains his soil, nature will yield to him an increase. Year in and year out her dealings with him are fair. When he tries to deal with his fellow-men the case is different. He must have his wits about him. Both experience and observation have taught the farmers that enterprise is not only unnecessary but dangerous. The farm is the one place where a man can build an impregnable home without the use of the faculties that are indispensable to all who would win success in other walks of life.

What the farmer needs is not so much education as oppor-

tunity. Let him feel the force of the law of demand and he will soon put himself in shape to attend to the supply. At the present time he hears of the demand and the high cost of living in the cities from public speakers and sees about it in his newspapers, but when he goes to sell his produce he is not able to get a noticeable increase. Between him and his markets there are hordes of rapacious middlemen and transportation systems that "charge all the traffic will bear." The profits go to them and not to the farmer. He sees bacon and butcher meat quoted at prices that range from twenty to thirty-five cents a pound, and has to sell his hogs and steers on the hoof at from five to six cents a pound. Apples are quoted at from three to five dollars a barrel and upwards in the cities, but I have seen choice apples selling this fall for one dollar a barrel in the orchards. There is not much profit or encouragement in that for the farmer. Unless the law of demand makes itself felt in higher prices, you need not look for an increased supply. Modern business methods have killed the law of supply and demand as completely as they have killed competition.

But why do not the farmers coöperate? They are doing so already in some advanced sections, and reaping huge profits by doing away with the middleman and forcing the transportation companies to give them fair treatment. But farmers live so far apart and have so few means of assembling and exchanging opinions that it is hard for them to coöperate successfully. And there is no sound reason why they should do it. They are already members in good standing in the greatest coöperative organization possible—government of the people, for the people, by the people. The trouble seems to be that this wonderful system has broken down where it comes to governing "for the people." The governing seems to be done entirely too much for the benefit of those who have built up the wonderful business machinery that exists between the producer and the consumer. If the Government would only see to it that the farmer could get his produce on the market at a fair rate, he would quickly respond to the demand for more and better food. It would not be necessary to carry education to him. He would go after it.

After all, the education needed for successful farming is not

so wonderful, in spite of the mass of scientific terms in which it is now involved. All it amounts to is simply thorough cultivation, good drainage, fertilization of the soil, the use of the best seed and care in harvesting. Even dairying and stock-breeding are well within the range of ordinary intelligence and the man who feels the need of the necessary instruction can secure it without much trouble. Once convince the farmer that the profits of better methods than he needs for the mere maintenance of a home will go to him and not to others and he will not be long in falling into line. He is just as fond of money as anyone else, even though he may not know what better to do with it than to lend it to banks that in turn will lend it to the promoters of trusts and mergers that have for their purpose the exploitation of the farming community. But while, in Browning's phrase:

"Smooth Jacob still robs homely Esau,"

it is needless to look for much improvement. Once give the farmer fair treatment and the difficulties from which we are now suffering will soon disappear. The increased profits of farming will induce more young men and women to remain on the farms instead of crowding to the cities, the best methods of farming will be adopted, and food will be plentiful at a fair price to both producer and consumer. As matters stand we have every reason to be thankful that the farmers have not had sufficient business instinct to learn the most approved modern methods. If they had done so they would now be coöperating to limit production so as to force prices still higher. Fortunately they have not learned this trick and there is hope that the situation may yet be saved. All that seems to be needed is a workable plan that will allow the law of supply and demand to act as it did before the advent of Big Business. If such a plan is discovered and put in operation, the cost of living will be reduced and the uplifting of the farmer accomplished at one stroke.

A DANGEROUS MINT APATHY

JAMES S. H. UMSTED

SINCE 1859 the problem of the commercial and financial world has been to deal effectively with the falling value of silver in terms of gold. There are not a few signs and conditions now which suggest that in the course of a few years we may have to handle such questions as may come from a rise in the exchange value of the white metal. From the beginning of the eighteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century the ratio of silver to gold averaged around 15 or 15.5 to 1. Then started that almost toboggan slide in the price of the inferior metal which has brought the ratio to nearly 40 to 1. For the last two years there has been a stable range (except as modified by a tendency to advance) in the London quotation, and to-day the new coinage possibilities opened up by China's scheme of a uniform silver currency, coupled with the great expansion in the industrial consumption of the commodity, suggest that in the next decade the relation between demand and supply will become an economic concern. Without pretending that there is any prospect of a revival of the old battle of the standards, it is not going too far to say that the situation even now demands considerable thought by those in governmental authority who are responsible for purchases for coinage purposes. This question, in fact, is pressing for decision upon the rulers of British India, and the uncertainty is a factor pro and con, according to the prospects of action or non-action, in the great—the almost controlling—market for silver in London. Our own Mint authorities, in as yet a modest way, are indicating some realization of the situation in the resumption they have made of purchases for subsidiary coinage.*

Consideration of output alone would be a discouragement to the great silver-producing interests of the United States, which

* In the fiscal year 1910 only 282,485 ounces were purchased at the Mint, as against 1,100,000 ounces in the calendar year 1911 to Dec. 5.

are responsible for about one-quarter of the world's total supply. But when it is realized that for a long time something like an unnatural *under-consumption* of silver for currency needs has existed, the question of the entrance of the Chinese Empire into the world of active users of silver for currency, becomes one of high commercial and financial importance. The disorders in China have by no means put an end to the scheme for fiscal reform which promised, a short time ago, to bring the white metal into a new light of discussion. President Taft, in his message to Congress on this country's foreign relations, spoke of this step by China as preliminary to a larger movement in the line of currency progress which would benefit the Empire and bring advantages to international trade. His attitude was inferentially one of confidence that the present scheme of a new silver currency for the awakening giant of the Far East would eventually be carried out. And, for many reasons, it is safe to suppose that the great political conflict which has resulted in the overthrow of the throne and the establishment of a republic, will at the worst merely postpone the currency reform movement. Of course the perturbations in the Empire have held up any practical execution of the contract for furnishing the Chinese Government with the money involved in the \$50,000,000 "Four Power" currency reform loan, which was signed by China on April 15, 1911, and formally approved by a council of the British, French, German and American participating bankers in London on June 13, following. Now that a new Government has taken the reins of power at Peking, the negotiations may have to begin *de novo*, for it is hardly conceivable, that the Western world would undertake to force fiscal rehabilitation upon the Celestials at the point of the bayonet. Nor will the new authorities be likely to offend the white-race nations by a flat wiping out of the commitments and pledges given by the preceding autonomy. It is more than probable that the republican Government, if dissatisfied with the existing contract, will desire to negotiate a new one, satisfactory to the foreign bankers, that would accomplish the same purpose, namely, the modernization and stabilization of the country's currency on a silver basis.

There is an *a priori* argument in favor of the belief that the

reformation of China's currency will go on eventually in the fact that so large a part of the intelligence and modern spirit of the Chinese people has been enlisted in the recent uprising. Then, too, the subject is not one which had its inspiration in dynastic or racial purposes or motives; or which represents a hasty innovation or a factional experiment. It is one that has long been discussed in the Celestial Empire and the final scheme was adopted only after full consideration by all the intelligent classes.

It first presented itself to the Government more as a matter of profit on coinage than as a comprehensive scheme for ridding the country of the debased and fluctuating copper currency ("cash") which still constitutes the circulating medium of the population at large.* But for many years the reorganization of the Empire's monetary system was agitated, particularly under the pressure of the outside Powers. In 1902, in drafting a commercial treaty with the United States, China promised to take steps toward a national uniform currency. Other nations also received like promises in connection with trade agreements made at Peking. Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks, of Cornell University, went as a special commissioner of the United States to confer with the Chinese Government on the introduction of the gold standard in China, for that was the first proposition made in connection with the idea of currency reform, though finally it was rejected as being a step too advanced for the present conditions in the Empire. The controversy as to the character of the standard to be adopted was prolonged and thorough, so that all the

* The Hon. Charles Denby, our Minister to China, wrote to Mr. Blaine, Secretary of State at the time, under date of Peking, Dec. 18, 1889, as follows: "It is said that the successful introduction of the Hong-Kong coins into China has induced his Excellency Li Hung-Chang, in connection with his Highness the Seventh Prince (the Emperor's father), to memorialize the throne on the desirability and necessity of introducing a new system of silver coinage in China. They represent that already, through the maritime provinces, the foreign silver dollar and other coins of smaller value are in extensive use, and they prove a source of the greatest convenience in trade. They ask why the Chinese Government should not coin its own money instead of permitting an extraneous currency to circulate in China. They show, also, that a system of coinage would do away with irresponsible banks and 'cash' shops, which now issue small notes at their pleasure, resulting often in losses and frauds. They suggest that a national currency should be provided and that the Government alone should issue notes. It must be said that the same arguments have been repeatedly urged by the foreign representatives."

intelligent and educated classes in China are familiar with the situation and the advantages that will accrue from a uniform currency. In adopting the decimal silver currency plan, the Government may most reasonably be supposed to have fulfilled a predominant domestic desire resulting from a final weighing of all the arguments between those who advocated such an outcome and those who were willing to hazard the more radical step of establishing the single gold standard.

If it is fair, therefore, to assume that the reform in China's currency and coinage has met merely with an interruption, we must be prepared to expect a much greater demand upon silver production for minting purposes in the near future. There may be large stocks of silver held in various ways in the interior of the Empire, but they will not suffice for a reorganized currency system. When the reform is carried out, an immense bulk of debased copper coin of varying value will disappear from circulation, to be replaced by new subsidiary silver pieces. Moreover, in addition to the increased currency needs of a nation arousing itself, like China, to new prodigies, but of modern material performance, the accomplishment of the fiscal reform in itself will stimulate and diversify internal trade and so call for a larger circulating medium. It will be many years before the Empire will acquire fully the machinery of credit and clearings so familiar to modern Western nations. The poverty of the great masses of the people will call for actual circulating tokens to a larger degree than in countries where the general community is better circumstanced in the world's goods. Allowing the utmost that may be claimed for the internal re-coinage resources of the vast Mongolian realm, an addition of only a dollar per capita in the new silver currency would call for the mints to feast upon hundreds of millions of ounces of silver! The Chinese Government's own census in 1911 gave the number of its subjects at over 329 millions. A rough calculation will demonstrate that at, say, the coining value of the United States standard, to create 329 millions of silver dollars would call for some 250,000,000 ounces of silver. It is unnecessary to haggle over the difference of weight or fineness between the American and the proposed new yuan or Chinese silver dollar. We are dealing

with a potential demand for silver for coinage which far exceeds the annual output of the world.

Before taking up an analysis of the coinage *under-consumption* of silver in the recent past, let us see what extremes of production of the metal we are likely to meet in the near future. The coming needs of the Peking Government, which fully realizes its responsibilities, are certain to modify this condition of deficient demand. It has been a matter of surprise to observers of the situation, whether as bullion brokers or economic students, that notwithstanding the convulsions of war over a large area of the most populous sections of China (and sections in the closest touch with outside commerce) the demand for silver from Chinese sources has not abated and has in fact furnished the backbone of the market. Certain restrictions of credit and commandeering of cash in its place, which accompany a state of war or disorder, may partially explain the resumption of silver purchases by China after a brief attitude as a seller some months ago. But it is not a sufficing one. The Chinese demand is the more significant because the revolution was preceded by disastrous floods in the great Yangtze valley and much concomitant distress, crop damage and famine. Maintenance of foreign trade and ability to finance it to the extent displayed by the Mongol peoples under the unhappy conditions existing speak eloquently of what may be expected of China as a world-power in commerce and finance when she shall have restored peace, composed her troubles and resumed her wonted course. It may be no child's task to effect the introduction of the new currency system in the more benighted parts of the country, but, once adopted, the silver circulation will have an enormous sponge, so to speak, to absorb it.

The opening up of Africa also carries with it the certain sequel of an extension of silver currency. Only last December the British Colonial Secretary appointed a committee of official functionaries and commercial and financial representatives "to consider the question of a distinctive silver coinage and a Government note issue for the West African Colonies and Protectorates and to report generally upon the regulation of the currency of these territories."

To revert, however, to the consideration of the question of production, in which the utmost shall be conceded to those who regard the output of the white metal as a flood certain to sweep away every counter movement pointing to a lowered ratio of silver to gold, or increase in the former's exchange value. By the courtesy of the Hon. George E. Roberts, Director of the United States Mint, the writer, while preparing this article, was favored with the Mint's final estimates of the world's production of silver in 1910 (and collateral statistics). The output estimates show an unexpected increase in the total as compared with the previous year. The sustained richness of the silver mines of Cobalt, Ontario, Canada, prepared one for the large exhibit of expanded output in the Dominion. The increase in the production of the United States was normal. That Mexico should have shown a falling off was not surprising in view of the political unrest already developing in the Southern Republic in 1910. But the expansion of over 5,000,000 ounces in the output of Australasia was unexpected, particularly as the production from this quarter has been stationary or declining in the last few years.* However, here is the world's production of silver (in fine ounces) as given by the United States Mint statistics for the last three periods of six years each:

Year	Amount	Year	Amount	Year	Amount
1893.....	165,472,621	1899.....	168,337,453	1905.....	172,317,688
1894.....	164,610,394	1900.....	173,591,364	1906.....	165,054,497
1895.....	167,500,960	1901.....	173,011,283	1907.....	184,206,984
1896.....	157,061,370	1902.....	162,763,483	1908.....	203,236,861
1897.....	160,421,082	1903.....	167,689,322	1909.....	211,215,633
1898.....	169,055,253	1904.....	164,195,266	1910.....	222,879,362
Total....	984,121,680	Total....	1,009,588,171	Total....	1,158,911,025
An. av....	164,020,280	An. av....	168,264,695	An. av....	193,151,838

The foregoing shows that the yearly average output of the period 1899-1904 increased over the 1893-1898 average by 4,244,415 ounces, or only 2.59 per cent. Production was arrested in its full development partly by the fall in the price of silver from an average of 35 5-8d. in 1893 to 27 7-16d. an ounce in

* Production of Australasia, United States Mint figures, in 1910, 21,545,828 ounces. Earlier outputs were: 1909, 16,359,284; 1908, 17,175,099; 1907, 17,949,099 fine ounces.

1904. But the yearly average output for the period from 1905 to 1910 expanded over that of 1899-1904 by 24,887,143 ounces, or 14.80 per cent. Yet this growth in production becomes trivial when compared with such almost epochal leaps in output as occurred before the 1893-1910 period: say, in round numbers, from 29,000,000 ounces in 1860 to 43,000,000 ounces in 1870, to 63,000,000 in 1871 (these figures being based on five-year annual averages); to 73,000,000 in 1878, to 89,000,000 in 1883, to 108,000,000 in 1888 and to 165,000,000 ounces in 1892, the last given group of figures being the estimates of the Director of the Mint, based on a careful compilation of official returns from all countries for each year named. From 1893 to 1910 the world's out-turn of silver increased 57,406,741 ounces, or 34.69 per cent. In the two decades from 1873 to 1893 the production had risen from 63,267,187 to 165,472,621, an expansion of 102,205,434 ounces, or 161.54 per cent.!

The additions to the world's yield of silver in the last five years have been derived in the main from the Canadian Cobalt camp in the Province of Ontario. This is shown in the relative figures of recent yearly increases in the world's output and that of Canada as a whole, which (not to go beyond the year when Cobalt actually became a factor and threatened a new "bear scare" among the silver producing interests) were as follows:

Figures in ounces	For the World	For Canada alone
Increase from 1906 to 1907	19,152,487	4,306,420
Increase from 1907 to 1908	19,029,877	9,326,434
Increase from 1908 to 1909	7,978,772	5,423,240
Increase from 1909 to 1910	11,663,729	5,339,791

In the absence of detailed explanation, the sudden rise in the silver output of Australasia in 1910 may be regarded as a "fluke." As the Witwatersrand is to-day the chief reliance for the increase of gold production in the world, so Canada will probably be the leading country to swell the future output of the white metal for some years to come. The Cobalt camp is a permanent "institution," beyond question, but its rate of production will not keep pace with the early years of its life, for that is the rule of all such mineral experiences, confirmed by the history of the South American and our own Nevada silver fields.

There has just been issued by the Department of Mines of the Dominion an estimate of 23,185,860 ounces as the out-turn of the Province of Ontario for the first nine months of 1911. This is suggestive of a possible total production for the Dominion for 1911 of 40,000,000 ounces, or, say, 7,000,000 ounces more than in 1910, an increase of 1,700,000 ounces more than the gain from 1909 to 1910.* A liberal net increase for 1911 from the other producing countries of the world (say 8,000,000, or 2,000,000 ounces more than the expansion in the previous year) would give a total increased output in 1911, based on the final 1910 estimates of Mint authorities, of 15,000,000 ounces, making an aggregate of 238,000,000 ounces as the world's yield last year. This estimate must be regarded as the extreme of liberality, for the conditions in Mexico have doubtless checked mining operations more than in 1910 and the by-production of silver from the copper and lead mines of the United States may prove to have been held in check by commercial depression limiting the working of these mines.

But to turn to the other side of the ledger. Statistics of the consumption of the precious metals are less precise than those relating to production, the indeterminate element being the amount used in the arts and industries. Professor Adolph Soetbeer, of Göttingen, was one of the earliest economists to lay stress upon this important demand, and in his *Materialen*, designed in 1886 to help to elucidate the discussion of the silver question, he himself expressed the belief that he had understated in his estimates the magnitude of this source of absorption of both the precious metals. The painstaking compilations made in the last two decades by the Mint authorities of the United States indicate that the available data are far below the actual amount of both gold and silver called upon for ornamental and utilitarian purposes. This preliminary is necessary to a somewhat personal explanation. Available records of the great consumption of silver in the world's coinage are given in amounts of fine ounces. But these coinage statistics are not confined entirely to

* Mr. J. McLeish, of the Canadian Department of Mines, has since estimated the Canadian production at 34,725,000 ounces: but the actual returns may bring this closer to the larger estimate.

the consumption of new material in mint operations. The reports of the various Directors of the United States Mint give the re-coinages of the world in money value—not in fine ounces, as well. The amount of silver by weight utilized in re-coinage does not seem to be officially or, at least, statistically available. The writer therefore undertook to approximate such amounts for a series of years. The re-coinages of foreign countries are reported to our Mint officials in terms of the domestic coins of each nation and the figures are then converted into equivalents in United States currency. Therefore, to ascertain the weight of the metal represented by the re-coinage statistics, the writer has turned dollars back to fine ounces by computations based on the coinage value of the American silver dollar, viz.: \$1.2929. An absolute equivalent, perhaps, is not reached by this calculation, but it is sufficiently accurate to permit the computations to serve as an approximate result. By deducting the weight of each year's international re-coinages from the total figures of the weight recorded for coinage, there is left the number of ounces of new material consumed in the silver currency production of the mints. It is obvious, therefore, that in the data of consumption used hereafter, I have given the *minimum* of net new consumption just as in foregoing pages the estimates of the probable supply of silver in 1911 are placed at the *maximum*. If the figures of coinage and the figures of industrial use were combined without allowance for re-coinage from old material, it would be easy to prove that in recent years the consumption of silver had been largely in excess of production. The more conservative method as given above has the merit of erring on the side of liberal concessions to critics or objectors.

The over-production of silver, as shown statistically by the calculations herein indicated, is more nominal than real. In 1903 the American Commission on International Exchange appointed by President Roosevelt to assist in establishing "a fixed relationship between the moneys of the gold-standard countries and the present silver-using countries," said, in the course of its report: * "For several years past there has been a remarkably steady output of silver, and this output seems on the whole to

* House Doc. No. 144, 58th Congress, 2nd session.

have been reasonably well-absorbed by the demand for coinage purposes and for use in the industrial arts." And, referring to the sharp fall in silver caused by the mere fear that since the Straits Settlements and other Eastern quarters, and Mexico, might adopt the gold standard, the demand for silver might be curtailed, the report says: "The actual demand had not, in fact, materially lessened." These countries did adopt the gold standard or its equivalent, and yet the price of silver subsequently rose from 21 11-16d. in 1902 to 33 1-8d. in 1906, though from the high price there was a later decline to 22d. in 1908, since which time the tendency has been toward slow improvement. It was increased production—Cobalt's development—which depressed silver in 1908. Since then we have seen a recovery to 26d. an ounce. Now, it happens that, on estimates as described above, made by the writer, in 1903—the year of the Exchange Commission's report—there was an apparent excess of current consumption over current production of 11½ million ounces, to be followed in the next year by an excess of production of over 14 million ounces, while in 1908—the Cobalt "scare" year—the combined net coinage and industrial demand for silver was 12¼ million ounces in excess of the year's output! It is, in fact, safe to say, judging by all available statistics, that the excess of silver production over the annual demand has been negligible in the last few years.

But in judging of the strength of the position of silver as a commodity swayed by natural laws, we must consider the under-consumption by the world's mints in the last quinquennium. The coinage of the world in 1909, according to the acknowledged best statistical authority—the United States Mint—was only 87,728,951 ounces, against 151,352,824 in 1908. With the amount of re-coinages deducted, the figures showed a fall from 123,771,978 to 72,074,435 ounces. The practical cessation of coinage in British India and the Straits Settlements in the last few years was responsible for much of this decrease in silver mintage. A recent British Blue Book notes that the rupees coined in India in the fiscal years 1909 and 1910 consisted almost entirely of the re-coinage of old rupees and uncurrent coin. The Indian Government has made no purchases of silver bullion for coinage since

1907. By the courtesy of Director Roberts, the writer is able to present the 1910 detail figures in comparison with those of the previous three calendar years, giving the coinage output by value of the principal nations or countries responsible for the shrinkage in the world's mint demands, the last three figures being omitted in the table:

	1907	1908	1909	1910
Total World's Coinage.....	\$221,816	\$195,688	\$113,427	\$108,915
India	84,630	58,773	9,258	7,317
Straits Settlements	17,517	6,929	1,720	1,891
United States	13,178	12,391	8,087	3,740
Philippine Islands	6,730	11,199	3,981	1,626
Mexico	9,651	3,932	1,586	2,184
Germany	20,216	13,834	12,667	10,234
French Indo-China	14,061	14,785	9,797	1,073
Austria-Hungary	3,458	10,868	9,784	5,810
Russia	5,660	3,263	5,034	2,302

In terms of fine ounces the world's silver coinage in the calendar year 1910 was 78,786,842 and in 1909 it was 87,728,951. A contrast with the records of the previous sixteen years will make vivid the deficit from the normal minting averages of the world, round figures in ounces being used:

1893....106,700,000	1899....128,500,000	1904....136,500,000
1894.... 87,400,000	1900....143,300,000	1905....134,000,000
1895.... 98,100,000	1901....107,500,000	1906....120,300,000
1896....123,400,000	1902....149,800,000	1907....171,500,000
1897....129,800,000	1903....161,100,000	1908....151,300,000
1898....115,500,000		

Av. 6 yrs.....110,150,000	Av. 5 yrs.....160,000,000	Av. 5 yrs.....142,720,000
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Total ounces, 16 years	2,064,700,000
Annual average	129,000,000
Amount coined in 1909	87,700,000
Amount coined in 1910	78,800,000
Deficiency from 16 yr. average, in 1909	41,000,000
Deficiency from 16 yr. average, in 1910	50,000,000

A study of coinage statistics shows a noticeable relation between the recurrence of industrial or financial "panics" and the temporary falling off in the outputs of the world's mints. When trade expands, there is a greater call for forms of money that circulate largely from hand to hand; that fill the pockets of the people. When a period of depression and poverty sets in, such

circulation is not so much needed; no pocket surplus accumulates. The credit crisis of 1907 was world-wide and there have been several secondary disturbances, especially in the United States, since the crisis culminated. But this business depression can hardly be held fully responsible for the great fall in the two years—1909 and 1910—in the world's coinage of silver. If we examine the figures of the *new material* used in coinage in the last sixteen years, the percentage of decrease from the normal level will be found even greater than in the gross coinage data given above. Reducing the statistics of re-coinage, given by the Mint reports in value by dollars, to the weight in fine ounces, and deducting the result from the weight-statistics given on gross coinage, we shall find that the net coinage of new material of silver by the world's mints from 1893 to 1908 contrasts with the last two years for which data are available as follows, in fine ounces:

1893.... 95,788,599	1899.... 97,652,475	1904.... 92,693,535
1894.... 73,405,608	1900.... 117,543,365	1905.... 100,531,116
1895.... 89,101,629	1901.... 88,780,433	1906.... 87,582,228
1896.... 104,195,584	1902.... 101,366,884	1907.... 122,659,271
1897.... 118,779,920	1903.... 129,336,563	1908.... 123,771,978
1898.... 96,990,086		
Tot.... 578,201,426	Tot.... 534,679,720	Tot.... 527,238,128
Av. 6 yrs... 96,366,904	Av. 5 yrs... 106,935,944	Av. 5 yrs... 105,447,625
Total ounces 16 years	1,640,119,274	
Annual average	102,507,454	
Net new material coined in 1909.....	72,074,425	
Net new material coined in 1910.....	58,978,539	
Deficiency from 16-yr. average, in 1909.....	30,433,029	
Deficiency from 16-yr. average, in 1910.....	43,528,915	

Of the 2,000 million odd ounces coined from 1893 to 1909, both years inclusive, 20 per cent. represented re-coinage of worn-out or mutilated or foreign coins. Some plate and other old material is used in coinage, but for all practical purposes the table immediately above represents as accurately as may be the weight of new silver used by the world's mints. A comparison of the average figures (by periods) of net new coinage with those of total coinage will show at a glance that the percentage of re-coinages to total coinages has been increasing in recent years.

Without attempting to seek an explanation of this fact, it is obvious, from whatever angle the coinage statistics are viewed, that the mint out-turn of 1909 and 1910 was far below a normal, natural average. Special circumstances may produce special results in particular years, but no one will contend that, during a long stretch of time, with the world's population and the aggregate communal wealth increasing and with the multiplicity of retail-trade transactions keeping ahead of the possible utilization of credit instruments, there are not reasonable requirements for enlarged coinage. International industry is now conceded to be expanding again after its check in 1907-8, and once more prosperous peoples will be demanding more circulating tokens. How can it be doubted that the future will insist upon a larger product of the mints to even up the deficiency of the coin supply as compared with the normal?

But it is to the industrial consumption of silver that we may now turn with the conviction that here is a factor which may prove the most potent in the long future in moving the gold-value of silver upward. Earlier in this article reference was made to the accumulating evidence that the extent to which silver had been used in all the various arts, sciences and industries had been greatly underestimated in the past and was to-day more likely to be underestimated than exaggerated. In a recent letter to the writer, a prominent authority said: "The compilation of these estimates is a difficult and at best unsatisfactory task. The information available is almost exasperating in its deficiencies and inconsistencies and an immense amount of correspondence and of investigation is necessary in order to get any results that are worth publishing." Were the machinery for ascertaining the facts as to the industrial consumption of the precious metals in the United States to be duplicated in foreign countries, the results would be of more interest and value to the statistician or student. Nevertheless, the Mint authorities of this country have succeeded in arousing more interest abroad in this phase of official collection of data, and each year gives us a closer "line" upon the actual commercial consumption of silver. There has been a steady increase, year by year, with but few exceptions, in the estimates made by the Mint since it began a systematic in-

quiry of world-wide scope. Had we been able to ascertain more accurately the dimensions of this absorption, probably the statistics of apparent over-production of silver in the past would have worn a different phase. In fact, a consideration might have been given to them by the markets which would have served to lessen the frequent silver "panics" that have occurred during the long period when the mints of the world, one by one, were closed to the free coinage of the white metal, dazing and terrifying alike producer and bi-metallist advocate.

In his annual report for 1911 the Director of the Mint will estimate the world's industrial consumption of silver in 1910 at 142,718,500 ounces, an increase over the estimates for 1909 of nearly 38,000,000 ounces, and over 1908 of nearly 51,000,000 ounces. The significance of these figures may be illustrated by contrasting the last few years in the matter of such consumption with the world's production:

In fine ozs.	Production	Ind'l cons'ption	Percentage to Prod'n
1905	172,317,688	50,718,000	29.43
1906	165,054,497	85,196,100	51.62
1907	184,206,984	92,568,300	50.25
1908	203,236,861	91,835,000	45.19
1909	211,215,633	104,838,200	49.64
1910	222,879,362	142,718,500	64.03

The proportion of industrial consumption to the production in the years prior to 1905 is shown by the records to have been much smaller than in 1905, being as low as 15 per cent. in the early nineties. The records also indicate that this consumption is enlarging at a more rapid annual rate than is the supply. If we were to go back to 1893 we should find that production was 165,472,621 ounces, while for 1910 it is estimated at 222,879,362 ounces, an expansion of not quite 35 per cent., or an annual average of less than 5 per cent. On the other hand, the amount of silver used industrially in 1910 was 142,718,500 ounces as compared with only 21,315,500 in 1893, an increase of 570 per cent.! It may be objected that this comparison is unfair, because of the conceded under-estimates of industrial consumption in the earlier years. A large allowance might be made for this fact and nevertheless it could be argued that the postu-

late made above was correct. Admitting that the data of the last decade are more complete than those for the previous decade or two, it is obvious that there would be a larger commercial use of silver with the price below 60 cents an ounce than when it ranged in the 60s or 70s. Other conditions have also operated to expand the use of silver in the arts beyond its former consumption. But if we go no further back than the last six years covered in the preceding table, we shall find available statistics with a close enough approximation to the facts to answer for a valid contention. It will be seen by that table that the proportion of industrial consumption to the total output has more than doubled since 1905. Still keeping to the later and more complete industrial statistics, we find that the absolute figures of commercial use have increased from 1905 to 1910 more than 180 per cent., while the absolute figures of production increased only about 30 per cent.! The annual expansion in the world's industrial consumption for the last decade has been as follows in round numbers:

Fine ozs.	Percentage inc. from prev. yr.	Fine ozs.	Percentage inc. from prev. yr.
1901....44,000,000	7.3	1906.... 85,000,000	67.6
1902....48,500,000	10.0	1907.... 92,500,000	8.8
1903....50,000,000	3.0	1908.... 91,800,000	* 0.7
1904....57,400,000	14.8	1909....104,800,000	14.2
1905....50,700,000	* 11.7	1910....142,700,000	36.1

* Decrease

It is obvious that in recent years conditions have tended to stimulate the use of the white metal in art and manufacture. The great cheapening in the price of silver in the last two decades enabled commodities into which the metal entered wholly or in part to be placed within the reach of many millions who otherwise could not have purchased them. Furthermore, in many countries, particularly the United States, the standard of living has been raised: the masses have had their taste uplifted and their means to indulge it increased. This applies to articles of ornament and adornment in large degree, but it is to be remembered also that the inventive fertility of the American has devised an infinite variety of articles in which ornament and utility are combined. Nor is the practical force of the argument

diminished by the late agitation over the "high cost of living," which Mr. James J. Hill, with both wit and philosophy, has described as the problem of "the cost of high living." What may be counted upon in the future is not only the increase in the population of the globe but the opening up, at a rising ratio, of new parts of the world to settlement or to an intercourse with civilization which in time will enlarge the commercial absorption of silver in forms heretofore unknown to those regions. The development of South America, the colonization of Africa, and the penetration of commerce to hitherto inaccessible districts of China are among the certainties before us which carry with them a like certainty of a greater use of the white metal industrially. To-day, the silver output is, say, 238,000,000 and the industrial consumption is 156,000,000 ounces. In recent years the average yearly increase in the output of silver has been 5 per cent. If the annual rate of industrial absorption is computed at the low figure of 10 per cent., a simple mathematical calculation will demonstrate that, with no new conditions developed to alter these two ratios, in ten years the annual needs of commerce alone will absorb the entire annual yield of the commodity, leaving coinage needs to fall back upon a consumption of old stocks and hoards.

Such a theoretical result could not work out in practice. The radical rise in the price of silver that would soon anticipate or, to use market parlance, "discount" the prospect, would check industrial consumption by enhancing the cost of all articles made partially or entirely of the white metal. Nevertheless, if we assemble the several propositions that have been statistically demonstrated in the foregoing pages we shall be justified in presenting the following estimate as to what the position of silver as a commodity, held to the laws of demand and supply, might have attained were the coinage activities of the new Chinese currency system in operation. Let us take the extreme figures of probable production as indicated earlier in this article—at 138,000,000 ounces; allow a 10 per cent. increase in the industrial consumption of 1911; and in one instance consider the world's coinage consumption of *new* material as unchanged from 1910 and, in the other, as being up to the normal average of the last sixteen years ended with 1908, the requirements of China's pur-

chases for its mints being averaged at 20,000,000 ounces a year. Here would be the significant exhibit of so reasonable a collocation of figures:

Figs. in fine ozs.	At present rate of coinage	At normal rate of coinage
Net (new) coinage.....	59,000,000	102,000,000
Industrial consumption	156,000,000	156,000,000
Total (new) consumption.....	215,000,000	258,000,000
China's est'd annual demands.....	20,000,000	20,000,000
Total consumption	235,000,000	278,000,000
Production (1911 est.)	238,000,000	238,000,000
Excess production	3,000,000	
Excess consumption		40,000,000

Somewhere between these two presentations the writer believes that the position of silver will be found to be in the near future. It is the reverse of the status in 1903, when the United States Commission on International Exchange, in the course of its consultations with the commissioners of foreign nations, suggested, as a means for increasing the stability of the ratio between gold and silver, that there be an international agreement by which Government purchases for coinage should be made on some announced basis that would guard against undue speculation and at the same time give a desirable regularity to the marketing of a large proportion of the world's supply.* That proposition was designed to "help silver" and prevent a continuance of the metal's depreciation in terms of gold. To-day, unless all argument is fallacious, the silver market possesses a potential power of self-help which it has not had in decades. It sounds a warning to those in authority that it is not economy longer to pursue the policy of coining at whim, confident that the metallic food for the stamps can be picked up cheaply at will. The world's mints may find it necessary ere long to overbid one another in order to secure their material for mintage. For human nature must change in the teeming hives of the East, or conditions or monetary systems be revolutionized, before silver is cast out of the coinage of the nations.

* House Doc. No. 144, 58th Congress, 2nd session.

THREE FORGOTTEN POETESSES

WARWICK JAMES PRICE

A GROWING literary custom more and more commemorates those men and women of a past day whose names may be held as nearly immortal as is predictable in the world of letters, but there lies not far beneath this more glorious company a field of what may be called "secondary literature," which to-day's "general reader" all too seldom turns to look back upon. It is a broad field and of genuine interest, and of much real worth, too, though with a rare exception it is overlooked in this busy present, when one finds little time even for the poet's greatest books. It is in this field that Emily Dickinson and Amy Levy and Emma Lazarus labored out their brief days. Of the first Hamilton Aide wrote, "She narrowly missed being the most distinguished poet her country produced"; and the venerable Thomas Wentworth Higginson concurred in the statement. Amy Levy earned for herself the praise of such men as Dr. Garnett and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Upon Emma Lazarus united the praise of Whittier and Browning and Emerson. Moreover the names of these poetesses are names of but a recent yesterday: Emily Dickinson died in 1886, Amy Levy in the twelve-month following, and Emma Lazarus in '89; the eldest but fifty-six when her verses reached their final period, the youngest less than half of that.

One must study Emily Dickinson not merely mainly, but almost wholly, through her verse; the outward facts of her life were the fewest and, in a way, the least characteristic. The daughter of a professor at Amherst College, she was born on the 12th of December, 1830. Like Jane Austen, she never married. Her fifty-six years were passed with a few friends; her intimates were the sunsets and breezes, her companions the birds and her thoughts. She died in the May of 1886; a recluse by habit and temperament, often for months at a time not venturing beyond the hedge of the garden set on the fringe of that academic town; a hermit, a thinker, a poetess.

If there be those who question her right to the last of these words they cannot, surely, have read her all-too-scanty poetry; and none may justly hesitate to grant her title to the second. A hermit she obviously was, but not of the sort who come to look upon themselves as the meanest of God's creatures. Colonel Higginson once said: "Emily looked through Nature up to Nature's God with a very Emersonian self-possession." This was distinctly the fact; she was none of those who could use of themselves the word "worm"; she thought of her Father *as* a father, and wrote of Him as if she were not merely His clear-eyed equal, but, as well, His most loving friend.

I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea,
Yet know I how the heather looks
And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in Heaven,
Yet certain am I of the spot,
As if the chart were given.

These few lines are as indicative of Emily Dickinson as anything she ever wrote. There lies her honest, certain religion, as well as her intuitive knowledge of Mother Nature in whatever garb she chose to wear. There also, to the ear trained in verse criticism, is her ever-recurring disregard for the accepted rules of rhyme and scansion, but even with this before one's eyes comes back Ruskin's saying: "No weight, nor mass, nor beauty of execution can outweigh one grain or fragment of thought." When a person can offer us genuine thought, gives it to us so simply and spontaneously as almost to take away the breath, then talk of metre and grammar seems impertinent. Emily herself says as much:

The pedigree of honey
Does not concern the bee.
A clover any time to him,
Is aristocracy!

Thought is what one finds from top to bottom of every page in the three slim volumes of Emily Dickinson's verse, posthumously published.

That her work was given to the world of type after her death, deprived her of the help which would have come from honest public criticism, and perhaps for this very reason she so ignored extrinsic form. She always felt, however (and always wrote with that feeling uppermost), an absolute, untrammelled freedom; it shows not only in the outward form of her work, but as well in the unconventional, daring thought which lay behind. Not a sheet of those found in her desk after her death a quarter of a century ago, bore evidence of having been written with an idea of publication; each is an expression of sincerity itself.

To give point to this comment, as to others, one may best quote from her work. *Constant* will, for instance, give a just glimpse of the poet's far remove from the outward and visible in rhyme and metre, as it will show how real were her inward and spiritual graces of love.

Alter? When the hills do.
Falter? When the sun
Question if his glory
Be the perfect one.

Surfeit? When the daffodil
Doth of the dew;
Even as herself, O Friend!
I will of you.

Here and there among the few critics who have commented upon Miss Dickinson's work, is one who speaks of her "consistent note of complaint." Such a strain is beyond question occasionally to be heard, but the adjective used must be objected to; the poetess voiced her differings with this world not often enough for them to be fairly spoken of as characteristic. Rather are her most marked characteristics her power of natural description by mere suggestion and her almost prophetic insight into life, whether of nature or of man. Nature she surely knew in all her forms; without her diadem, as well as in her gala dress. She fairly felt the sap of March run through her veins, and none perceived more quickly than she the change in the year which came as the first timid leaf hurried through the altered air.

These are the days when birds come back,
A very few, a bird or two,
To take a backward look.

These are the days when skies put on
The old, old sophistries of June—
A blue and gold mistake.

O fraud that cannot cheat the bee!
Almost thy plausibility
Induces my belief!

Till ranks of seed their witness bear,
And softly thro' the altered air
Hurries a timid leaf.

O sacrament of summer days—
O last communion in the haze!
Permit a child to join;

Thy sacred emblems to partake,
Thy consecrated bread to break,
Taste thy immortal wine.

Had the fall of the year ever more perfect tribute than in this *Indian Summer*, its hidden teaching as clearly called to our dull attention as its outward beauty? Nor is it easy to refrain from quoting two other brief bits of verse, which elaborate, as it were, on the same broad theme, lacking, it may be, the serious impressiveness which is here (for the lighter side of the hermit's muse was uppermost), but rich in much that is worth memory.

The morns are meeker than they were,
The nuts are getting brown;
The berry's cheek is plumper,
The rose is out of town.
The maple wears a gayer scarf,
The field a scarlet gown.
Lest I should be old-fashioned,
I'll put a trinket on.

To *The Fringed Gentian* she wrote:

God made a little gentian;
It tried to be a rose

And failed, and all the summer laughed;
But, just before the snows,
There came a purple creature
That ravished all the hill
And summer hid her forehead,
And mockery fell still.
The frosts were her condition;
The Tyrian would not come
Until the North evoked it:—
“Creator! Shall I bloom?”

Henry Thoreau saw more in nature than Emily Dickinson, but his vision was no clearer. There was not an hour in the day but was eloquent to her. Here is her account of one:

I'll tell you how the sun rose:
A ribbon at a time;
The steeples swam in amethyst,
The news like squirrels ran.
The trees put on their bonnets,
The bobolinks begun;
Then I said softly to myself,
“That must have been the sun.”

But how he set I know not:
It seemed a purple stile,
That little yellow boys and girls
Kept climbing all the while,
Till when they reached the other side,
A dominie in gray
Put gently up the evening bars
And led the flock away.

There are unforgettable sunrises and sunsets in literature, notably such a sunrise as dawned upon the wondering eyes of Seraphina in Stevenson's *Prince Otto*, and such a sunset as Curtis's old bookkeeper in the black cravat watched over Washington Square; but neither the one nor the other offers so lasting a picture as those here so briefly sketched.

The keenest appreciation of natural beauty and an almost intuitive insight into the deeper side of life, these, to repeat, are characteristics most marked in Miss Dickinson's work, and as a link connecting them *Sabbath* offers itself for quotation:

Some keep the Sabbath going to church;
 I keep it staying at home,
 With a bobolink for a chorister,
 And an orchard for a dome.

Some keep the Sabbath in surplice;
 I just wear my wings,
 And instead of tolling a bell for church,
 My little sexton sings.

God preaches—a noted Clergyman!
 And the sermon is never long.
 So instead of getting to Heaven at last,
 I'm going all along.

If one recognizes in these lines that which suggests the Emersonian point of view, it is even more clearly to be seen in—

The bustle in a house
 The morning after death
 Is solemnest of industries
 Enacted upon earth;
 The sweeping up the heart,
 And putting love away
 We shall not want to use again
 Until Eternity.

Or, to give a final instance, in the two stanzas to which she gave the name of *Morning*.

Will there really be a morning?
 Is there such a thing as day?
 Could I see it from the mountains
 If I were as tall as they?
 Has it feet like water-lilies?
 Has it feathers like a bird?
 Is it brought from famous countries
 Of which I've never heard?
 O some scholar, O some sailor,
 O some wise man from the skies,
 Please to tell a little pilgrim
 Where the place called morning lies!

Emily Dickinson found that morning twenty-five years ago; nor is he far wrong who holds that the voice which then fell still yet sounds sweetly enough to be harkened to to-day even amid the stronger, deeper tones of greater poets.

Amy Levy's life is again slight indeed in incident. The most noticeable fact is the last of all, when on the 11th of September, 1889, this girl, not yet twenty-eight, "opened for herself the gates of Paradise," as she herself once wrote it. Writing of *A Minor Poet*, she put these lines into his mouth, then all unconscious that they would one day be autobiographic truth:

My life was jarring discord from the first;
Tho' here and there brief hints of melody,
Of melody unspeakable, clove the air.
From this bleak world into the heart of night,
The dim, deep bosom of the universe,
I cast myself. I only crave for rest;
Too heavy is the load. I throw it down.

The coroner's jury gave their verdict as "Self destruction by means of a poison; cause unknown"; but no coroner's jury could have appreciated the cause of Amy's self-sought end. A reader with ears to hear the cry beneath every line she wrote feels as sure as did Dr. Garnett that there was a heart broken by disappointment in every aim and love of life. And how short a life!

One wonders how this Clapham factory girl, small, slight, weak, ever stood those grimy, sordid hours beneath London's endless sea of roofs. The lines of her face half answer the query, for they are as eloquent of the proud, nervous woman as of the imaginative, affectionate soul whose visions were denied reality and for whom sounded no answering love. A Jewess, born in 1862, she had four terms of schooling at suburban Newham, and then came the factory. But she lived in her thoughts, she read voraciously even at her loom, till she made half-true for herself those lines of Emily Dickinson:

She ate and drank the precious words,
Her spirit grew robust;
She knew no more that she was poor,
Nor that her frame was dust.
She danced along the dingy days,
And this bequest of wings
Was but a book. What liberty
A loosened spirit brings!

Books opened to her view new worlds and happier, but their promise never was fulfilled. Her lines had fallen to her amid vulgar surroundings and within her beat the heart of a super-sensitive woman and poetess. It is less a story than a tragedy.

Shut off from living her real life, some attempt at written expression of it was inevitable. In 1881 came *Xantippe and Other Poems*, two years later *A Minor Poet and Other Verse*, and when she was twenty-seven, *A London Plane Tree*. There were also three prose sketches; but these, though possibly of more value to literature than her verse, are of less intrinsic and personal interest. It was the third of the volumes of poetry which Thomas Bailey Aldrich picked up from a sidewalk counter the very morning he had chanced to read the scant few lines in the paper which had recorded the finding of that stolid British jury, and after he had read here and there through the slim little book, he went home to write:

I picture her with sorrowful, vague eyes,
Illumed with such strange gleams of inner light
As linger in the drift of London skies
Ere twilight turns to night.

I know not; I conjecture; "'Twas a girl,
That with her own most gentle, desperate hand,
From out God's mystic setting plucked life's pearl."
'Tis hard to understand.

This is her book of verses—wren-like notes,
Shy franknesses, blind gropings, haunting fears;
At times across the chords abruptly floats
A mist of passionate tears.

A fragile lyre too tensely keyed and strung,
A broken music, weirdly incomplete;
Here a proud mind, self-baffled and self-stung,
Lies coiled in dark defeat.

Aldrich accurately divined much. The girl's franknesses were shy, for seldom were they met with any fit response. Blind were her gropings, too; for she lacked at once help from without and experience from within. Fears did haunt her, high-strung

and imaginative as she was, till all too often the passionate tears were flung across her lines. To music and to natural beauty she turned for that answer to her affections which humankind, as it moved about her, never gave. Nature, to her, however, showed rather the gray tones of some "lonely hillside of neglected spring," while in music it was usually the minor key which echoed in her sensitive ear.

"O love, lean thy cheek to mine,
And let the tears together flow"—
Such was the song you sang to me,
Once, long ago.

Such was the song you sang, and yet
(O, be not wroth!) I scarcely knew
What sounds flowed forth; I only felt
That you were you.

I scarcely knew your hair was gold,
Nor of the Heaven's own blue your eyes;
Sylvia and song, divinely mixed,
Made Paradise.

These things I scarcely knew; to-day,
When love is lost and hope is fled,
The song you sang so long ago
Rings in my head.

Clear comes each note and true; to-day,
As in a picture, I behold
Your turned-up chin and small, sweet head
Misty with gold.

Here is clearly the note of sad reminiscence: the strain which speaks of pleasures forever past, but here, quite as clearly, is melody and imagination, and an artistic appreciation of the poetic "value of little things." It is a fit example of the "gray tone," but there is in it sure promise that had she but had experience enough to have begotten a confidence in the possible, she would not have written that grim "Suicide" above her last resting place, but, somewhere, somehow, would have found courage to work on till greater power had brought her full recognition. The might-have-been is the very soul of tragedy.

One of the most characteristic of her poems, which she called *Farewell*, reads:

The sad rain falls from Heaven,
A sad bird pipes and sings;
I am sitting here at my window,
Watching the spires of King's.

O fairest of all fair places,
Sweetest of all sweet towns!
With thy birds, and thy grayness, and greenness,
And the men in caps and gowns.

All they that dwell within thee
To leave are ever loth,
For one gets friends, and another
Gets honors, and one gets both.

The sad rain falls from Heaven;
My heart is great with woe;
I have neither a friend nor honor,
Yet I am sorry to go.

Amy Levy, however, was glad, not sorry, to go at last. She had looked through her squinting, cob-webbed garret panes and had seen nothing but a world which knew her not. She felt herself "A blot, a blur, a note all out of tune in this sad instrument." "I am dying for a little love," Catrina still calls across the ages from the world of mediæval romance, and that was the cry of this imaginative, affectionate, denied Jewess. She craved a love that should understand all things, believe all things, suffer all things—and where was such a love to be found in the crowds which trailed around her through the narrow streets and dirty alleys of Clapham?

I'm not resigned, nor patient, nor schooled in
To take my starveling's portion and pretend
I'm grateful for it. I want all, all, all;
I've appetite for all. I want the best.
Love, beauty, sunlight, nameless joy of life.

Emma Lazarus, who died in her thirties, twenty-four years ago, looked the calm, thoughtful woman she was; a woman of

strength and sincerity. Her picture shows eyes deep and thoughtful, such as bespeak trust; a chin full-moulded beneath a full-moulded mouth, both finely cut, and firm as well as sweet; the nose slightly Jewish, and the black hair over the temples tinged with gray by the sorrows she had known. Here again was a life hidden, a personality withdrawn. With no dramatic episode touching her career, her story is the story of the soul ever struggling up and on.

She was born July 22, 1849, one of seven children, of a family of orthodox Jews, "comfortably off" as this world counts such things. The child was shy and supersensitive; when people were about she was silent, sometimes frightened. Her world lay in books and she turned with a special love to poetry, to so marked a degree thus encouraging that life of the inner feelings that when the war between the States broke out—she was then but a child of eleven!—she burst into verse. It was another case like Byron's, if less notable; poetry came easier than speech. Four years later appeared her first published volume, made up of a few translations and some original work. It was crude and immature, yet of promise, though there was in it not one line wholly gay or glad; the reader feels in it something of the heritage of Hebraic destiny, the fate of a nation seemingly born to suffer. When twenty-one Miss Lazarus issued her second volume, so far superior to its predecessor as at once to be recognized as begot of talent, of genuine distinction, breathing throughout an instinct for the beautiful and the good. With its high, artistic finish, and its professed love (almost worship) of the legends and ideas of classic myth, *Admetus and Other Poems* took prompt place in the praises of critics, continental as well as American. Its author, said they, was of that chosen band of poets born, not made.

As Emily Dickinson loved nature and was, as it were, very sharer in its inmost secrets, and as poor Amy Levy loved nature, though knowing so tragically little of it at its best, so here again was one heart and soul devoted to the Great Mother—as one might guess from this, that Thoreau, next to Emerson, was her favorite author. As she sings of the night or the dawn, of the wind in the pines or the sunny ripples of some stream loitering

down its pebbly way to the sea, her verses have the very trick of music, while behind them lies a lesson even higher than that which dwelt within the little, solemn preachments of that wise Amherst spinster. Take *Epochs* for example, a poem too long to give in its entirety, but a splendid specimen of the true poet's appreciation that nature is herself the best painter of the life of man. It begins with a June day, of "sweet empty sky without a stain"; one hears "the ripple of the rain-fed rills" and "a murmur and a singing manifold." By noon the clouds have gathered, the hush before the storm succeeds "the green-hid twitterings" and far-off rumble of coming thunder rolls through the hills, the rain breaks tumultuously, and then the bolt falls to bring rack and ruin. Again the scene changes and the afternoon closes calm as "the long, rich day" passes. With the sunset, as it spreads across wet fields and hedgerows, comes more than mere hope, for one has realized that patience and faith and beauty conquer first sorrow, then death itself.

The motto which the girl chose for this poem, from Emerson, is not only characteristic of her point of view but fitly introductory of a distinct phase of her character: "The epochs of our lives" (it read) "are not in the visible facts but in the silent thoughts by the wayside as we walk." To Emma Lazarus, Emerson was a lodestar. By the time she was seventeen she had read everything he had written and spoke of him as "a shaft of light into my life from the very zenith." In the August of '66 she met him, visiting him in his gray, square house at Concord, set back among the trees. There, too, she met Alcott and Channing, but *the* influence came from Emerson, while the great man was of very necessity drawn to this young woman of true singleness of soul and noble simplicity. That he read her verse and criticised it and praised it was the least part of the friendship.

In 1881 appeared Miss Lazarus' translation from Heine. She had been caught by the magic of his verse, by the iridescent play of his fancy, and certainly, too, by those fearfully sudden heart cries which now and again well up through his stanzas. It is probable that she did not then know of the bond of blood which lay between them, but the very year of the appearance

of her volume came word of the horrible anti-Semitic wave of outrage which had swept across Russia and even into Germany. For nine months the story told was one of blood and fire, and when at last Mr. Evarts delivered that ringing speech in Chickering Hall, it came as a trumpet call to this Hebrew poetess of the New World. The Judaic orthodoxy of the Lazarus family had been of a mild, conventional sort; Emma herself has written that she attended the Synagogue more in observance of custom than from any personal conviction, but the terrible atrocities of '80-'81 changed all that. Like the Whittier who was so to praise her work, Emma Lazarus found instant use for her high talent in a crusade and her verse in behalf of the down-trodden of her sect is stronger and more moving than that which the good Quaker penned in behalf of the Southern slave. A single example will prove the point; she called it *The Banner of the Jew*.

Wake, Israel, wake! Recall to-day
The glorious Maccabean rage,
The sire heroic, hoary-gray,
His five-fold lion-lineage:
The Wise, the Elect, the Help-of-God,
The Burst-of-Spring, the Avenging-Rod.
Jerusalem's empty streets, her shrine
Laid waste where Greeks profaned the Law
With idol, and with pagan sign.
Mourners in tattered black were there,
With ashes sprinkled on their hair.

Then from the stony peaks there rang
A blast to ope the graves; down poured
From Mizpah's mountain ridge they saw
The Maccabean clan, who sang
Their battle-anthem to the Lord.
Five heroes lead, and, following, see
Ten thousand rush to victory.

O, for Jerusalem's trumpet now
To blow a blast of shattering power,
To wake the sleepers high and low,
And rouse them to the urgent hour!

No hand for vengeance—but to save
A million naked swords should wave.

O, deem not dead that martial fire!
 Say not the mystic flame is spent!
 With Moses' law and David's lyre,
 Your ancient strength remains unbent.
 Let but an Ezra rise anew
 To lift *The Banner of the Jew!*

At this time Miss Lazarus was actually at work in behalf of her hapless, almost helpless fellows, meeting the thousands who were pouring into the haven at Ward's Island; but her pen was her mightiest weapon. It was a crisis in her life and it called forth her best work, her *Dance of Death*, which is the ablest dramatic exposition of the European persecution of the Jews in the Twelfth Century which literature possesses. In grasp and scope, in elevation and ardor it stands well above anything else that bears to-day the name of Emma Lazarus; it appeared in the *Songs of a Semite* (the volume was dedicated to George Eliot, who, more than any other modern writer, had set the Jew in his proper place), and from these songs the quotation of *Gifts* is inevitable. It touches closely the Hebraic theme, but does it not do far more than touch any merely national chord?

"O World God, give me wealth!" the Egyptian cried.
 His prayer was granted. High as Heaven behold
 Palace and Pyramid; the brimming tide
 Of lavish Nile washed all his land with gold.
 Armies of slaves toiled ant-wise at his feet,
 World-circling traffic roared through mart and street,
 His priests were gods, his spice-balmed kings enshrined
 Set death at naught in rock-ribbed charnels deep.
 Seek Pharoah's race to-day, and ye shall find
 Rust and the moth, silence and dusty sleep.

"O World God, give me beauty!" cried the Greek.
 His prayer was granted. All the earth became
 Plastic and vocal to his sense; each peak,
 Each grove, each stream, quick with Promethean flame,
 Peoples the world with imaged grace and light.
 The lyre was his, and his the breathing might
 Of the immortal marble, his the play
 Of diamond-pointed thought and golden tongue.
 Go seek the sunshine race. Ye find to-day
 A broken column and a lute unstrung.

"O World God, give me Power!" the Roman cried.
His prayer was granted. The vast world was chained
A captive to the chariot of his pride,
The blood of myriad provinces was drained
To feed that fierce, insatiable red heart—
Invulnerably bulwarked every part
With serried legions and with close-meshed Code.
Within, the burrowing worm had gnawed its home:
A roofless ruin stands where once abode
The imperial race of everlasting Rome.

"O God-Head, give me Truth!" the Hebrew cried.
His prayer was granted. He became the slave
Of the Idea, a pilgrim far and wide,
Cursed, hated, spurned, and scourged with none to save.
The Pharaohs knew him, and when Greece beheld
His wisdom wore the hoary crown of Eld.
Beauty he hath forsworn, and wealth, and power.
Seek him to-day, and find in every land.
No fire consumes him, neither floods devour;
Immortal, through the lamp within his hand.

The rest of Emma Lazarus' life is soon told. Her first trip abroad came in 1883—and the tragic priestess gave place instantaneously to the enthusiastic child. Everything was a picture to her: Chester, with its souvenirs of Elizabethan and Stuart times; Abbotsford, with its memories of Scott; the haunts of William Morris; Windsor and Oxford and Stratford, and all the cathedral towns; then came Paris, where it was the Bastille which spoke loudest, and Versailles, "that shell of royalty." The next year brought word of her father's death and, once again in New York, came a tedious illness to herself, and so to Europe she returned "just for the summer." She never came back, however. Landing at The Hague, she went down into France and thence across to Italy, where the poet got the best of the invalid for a time, as through the scenes "where Dante trod," she drank in unforgettable pictures of beauty; Pisa and Florence, and Rome, best loved of all. Italy had for long been her dreamed-of goal, her ideal of beauty and, in the actual fact, it proved that rarest of all things, the dream surpassed. Long before she had crossed the Atlantic she had written her longing

in sixteen lines on *Restlessness*, and now the truth went far beyond the vision.

Would I had waked this morn where Florence smiles,
Abloom with beauty, a white rose full-blown,
Yet rich in sacred dust, in storied stone
Precious past all the wealth of Indian Isles.
From olive-hoary Fiesole to feed
On Brunelleschi's dome my hungry eye,
And see against the lotos-colored sky,
Spring the slim belfry, graceful as a reed;

To kneel upon the ground where Dante trod;
To breathe the air of immortality
From Angelo and Raphael—to be,
Each sense new-quickened by a Demi-God;
To hear the liquid Tuscan speech at whiles
From citizen and peasant; to behold
The heaven of Leonardo washed with gold,—
Would I had waked this morn where Florence smiles!

Returning to England from Italy, Emma Lazarus dragged out her days till the early fall of 1887; then she was seized with a longing not to be denied, carried to the Louvre, worshipped again the beauty of the Goddess (armless, so that she could not help!) and then—it was the 19th of November in that year—she died.

Three Daughters of Promise one might have called this brief backward look. It is not that these were not also daughters of achievement, real and noteworthy; but with their actual record of work done before him, a reader cannot but feel that there was in each case a large possibility unfulfilled.

EDITORIAL NOTES

WITHIN a few days the Senate will take action upon the arbitration agreements. The greatest political achievement of modern times will be completed—or an indefensible blunder will be made. There can be no doubt as to the feeling of the country. There should be no doubt as to the action of the Senate.

* * *

A LITTLE less rigidity and a little more common sense have at last characterized the relations between Great Britain and Germany. Important negotiations are proceeding, and the results may be announced before the publication of this number. Yet it is regrettable that the Kaiser's speech at the opening of the new Reichstag should have emphasized the necessity for strengthening the military forces of the Empire. An end must come to this suicidal policy of piling increase upon increase, in the way of ostentatious armaments, and burden upon burden, in the way of intolerable taxation. But the next great war will perhaps throw some light on the complicated international relations of commerce and finance, and prove to the complete dissatisfaction of all concerned that the Golden Rule has a double meaning and a double sanction. It is not easy to play the game of "beggar my neighbor" without begging one's self.

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THERE is a tendency to ignore the third-term issue in the case of Colonel Roosevelt's vigorous campaign for the nomination that he will not be sure that he wants—until he gets it. But there are still those who view with concern the possibility of establishing an undesirable precedent, and they can find little to approve in the conduct of the earlier stages of the campaign. In such unusual conditions, an absolutely frank declaration of attitude and policy should have been made, explaining the reversal of the ex-President's former convictions with regard to reelection and leaving public opinion to decide whether the circumstances could justify a grave innovation. The principle involved will lead—and rightly—to a withdrawal of support by many who

are content with Colonel Roosevelt's administrative record, but have no desire to extend it at the cost of violating an unwritten law that will certainly not be more honored in the breach than the observance. The suspicious political manœuvring that has taken place will not commend itself to those who prefer straightforward men and methods.

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COLONEL WATTERSON has been very successful in pouring oil on the troubled flames of controversy. The Colonel is the soul of honor, but if brevity be the soul of wit, Colonel Harvey must be accorded the palm for spirituality. Where private differences have developed, with friendly encouragement, into public recriminations, he who approaches most nearly to silence approaches most nearly to dignity. The distinguished editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* has protested far too much, and now, if not before, Governor Wilson may well desire to be saved from his "friends."

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THE wholesale indictments in the McNamara case open a strange, though expected, third act in the drama that was staged so picturesquely—innocent labor protecting itself from the vindictive plotting of its Machiavellian enemies. The charge of bribing jurors brought against Clarence Darrow has a special element of sordidness. For his own sake, it is to be hoped that Darrow can prove his innocence of the charges brought against him. He has made himself known as an eloquent and presumably sincere champion of the oppressed. But he has undoubtedly profited very largely from his association with the unions and the lucrative practice that his early successes brought to him; and should the present charges be established, there will be some natural speculation as to whether similar methods were previously employed. He is in many ways an exceptional man, with exceptional gifts. But the accusation brought against him is so grave that there could be no tampering with punishment in the case of conviction. In the meantime, those who subscribed to the enormous defence fund have the right—and the duty—to demand a strict accounting. If any more disgraceful work is in-

volved, let it come out and be done with, and the lesson learnt once for all. Even the sums that have been squandered would be a cheap price to pay for the realization that trickery and dishonesty, public braggadocio and private knavery, are contemptible wherever and by whomsoever exhibited, and with whatever pretext of serving a cause or a clique.

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NEW YORK is evidently a very safe place to live in—for murderers. One hundred and forty-eight murders were recorded in the city last year, and thirteen convictions were obtained. Is any further tribute to the protective forces of the city needed, when one out of every eleven murderers was duly brought to justice, and only ten out of the eleven—or, with more precision, ninety-one and a fraction out of a hundred—escaped? The police and the magistracy may divide the credit, and each will doubtless be generous enough to allocate the larger share to the other. As none of the convicted thirteen paid the death penalty, blind justice was evidently able to see more than a little of one side of the case, in some occult and oblique way. There are many who object, and with good reasons, to the infliction of capital punishment by a society which makes so little effort to prevent the exploitation of vice and the growth of a criminal class: but the law, as it stands, is clear, and in accordance with the views of the vast majority of citizens. While making every allowance for humanitarian principles in the police force and our judges, it would seem difficult to find an adequate explanation or excuse for the fact that while a hundred and forty-eight murders were known to have been committed during the year, not a single person paid the normal penalty, as the law regards and requires it.

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DR. VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG, Prime Minister of Prussia and German Chancellor, represents the best and the worst qualities of the bureaucracy recruited from the old Prussian landed aristocracy. He is a doctor of philosophy, and the habit of investigation and introspection prevents him from yielding to the rigid self-sufficiency of the higher officialdom: yet he is not big

enough to realize the inevitable march of democracy; he is not a reformer who will "take occasion by the hand" and enlarge the bounds of freedom; he is content to weigh out pounds of progress where tons would be more commensurate—and even so he expects to profit by the rebate principle.

The Chancellor has been described as "a typical product of a bygone period." He supports the "divine right" theory of the Kaiser and extends it to officialdom. His ideal is a nation under arms, rigorously disciplined. The young idea is to be taught how to shoot in the schools, and the lesson is to be emphasized during the period of enforced military service, and remembered throughout life. One cannot quarrel with his pronouncement that the official is a servant of the State, not a servant of a party—though the conditions of modern government require the insertion of the word "primarily." A loyal party man may be a loyal Minister. But caste-politics are worse than party politics, and von Bethmann-Hollweg's career, as von Hohenlohe's and von Bülow's, shows the limitations of class-conscious administration. It has been claimed that the greatness of Germany has been largely due to the efficiency of officialdom and the monarchy; but there is no doubt that the present ruling classes are fast losing control of public opinion and depend more and more upon the sole support of the semi-feudal landowners. Responsible Ministries must ultimately be conceded to the German people.

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IRISHMEN have generally been credited with a sense of humor; but it is a sorry jest that they have perpetrated—at their own expense—in Philadelphia and Chicago, in the indefensible measures directed against the production of *The Playboy of the Western World*. Coercion has been represented as an Irish grievance: it is strange that it should be used so freely in restraint of legitimate liberty of action. National sensibility is a curious and subtle thing, readily misconceived by those not directly concerned; and every Irishman who objects to the play—on his own initiative or through information received—is perfectly entitled to remain away from the performance and to express his disapproval through the usual channels of free speech

and the press. A few of these objections have been intelligibly and reasonably phrased: but the greater part of the agitation has been based on stupid prejudice and fanaticism. Ireland is not ignorant of genius: she has been rich in great names. She should have found in J. M. Synge more than a target for vituperation. But too many Irishmen have dazzled their imaginations with a romantic light that was never yet on land or sea. They will outgrow the craving for picturesque melodrama as an aid to stagnation. In the meantime, once again a poet and a prophet is found not without honor, except in his own country and amongst his own people. The next generation will have its new abuses to remedy: but it will certainly not tolerate the abuse of Synge.

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BERLIN has been called a city of sin and the diseases of sin: but there are not many modern cities which are in a position to throw even a very small pebble at the Kaiser's capital. Yet the facts are frightful. Ten years ago, the *Hygienische Rundschau* published some startling statements, based on reports sent in by physicians who had been requested to state the number of persons whom they had treated for venereal disease on a given date. Only sixty-three per cent. of the doctors answered the questions, and the number of patients was revealed as 40,902. The *Rundschau* estimated from the data thus given that the number of persons attacked in Prussia alone was *five hundred thousand annually*. Even allowing for some error in calculation, do not such facts justify the most extreme measures of publicity and plain speaking, in the hope of awakening the spirit of self-protection, if not the conscience, of communities which consider themselves civilized, yet allow this loathsome evil to go unchecked, in the sacred name of prudery and the "young person"? Is it better for the young person to be taught rationally, or to find out—too late, and fatally? These figures were tabulated ten years ago. Has there been any improvement in the interval? Last year a Socialist paper stated that ninety per cent. of the male population of Berlin had at some time or other suffered from such disorders and that in one-third of these cases the disease was of a serious nature. Making the usual allow-

ance for unconscious exaggeration, the statesman, the physician and the general citizen may well ponder these figures and make some pertinent application to the holy state of matrimony—and what it may mean to unwarned, unguarded girls and women, sold into the slavery of disease, because it is not “polite” to be simple, sincere and unprurient, but not uninstructed.

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IN the midst of a cold wave, it was interesting to read in an enterprising paper that a Philadelphia bridegroom intended to give his bride, immediately before their marriage, securities worth \$4,000,000, to be hers absolutely. The principal himself was reported to be silent on the subject, but his intimate friends were kind enough to reveal the secret. The wedding presents were positively dazzling and included a rope of pearls worth half a million. Naturally the women who viewed the jewels were ecstatic. The paragraph was a credit to the reporter and provided a pleasing commentary on the privacy of American life and the maintenance of democratic simplicity. It is gratifying that in this country we have none of the ostentation associated with the possession of wealth in decadent Europe. The visit of the Duke of Connaught last month would add to this feeling of satisfaction. It was fitting that New York society should extend an appropriate welcome to the distinguished Governor-General of Canada, whose career has been one of effective public service and ungarish private life. The entire absence of snobbery during the royal visit happily illustrates the continuing sincerity and independence of the American character, untainted by the social pretensions and ambitions of less fortunate countries.

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WHILE so much has been spoken and written in approval or disapproval of votes for women, sufficient attention has not been given to the actual results where the experiment of removing the sex-handicap has been tried. Last year, for instance, the Australian Senate expressed in a formal resolution the opinion that the extension of the franchise to women had greatly benefited the political life of the commonwealth. A little practice is sup-

posed to be worth a good deal of vague hypothesis and the considered declaration of the Australian Senators may reassure some doubting apostles of mere manliness who fear that women will millinerize political life as soon as they receive the right which is granted to the lowest types of men, but withheld from the highest types of womanhood. The recent utterances of the Earl of Dudley, late Governor-General of the Australian Commonwealth, are of interest in this connection. While asserting that there are too many professional politicians in Australia—"Fourteen Houses of Parliament seems an over-generous allowance for a population of four millions and a half"—he adds: "I know of no country in the world where fewer charges of corruption could be brought against legislators." This condition may not be due to the influence of the women, but they have at least acquitted themselves satisfactorily.

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THERE are a few people who believe that with the concession of the franchise to women the millennium will be duly inaugurated. This is not the view of the women themselves. They know the amount of ignorance and indifference that they have to combat, not only amongst men, but in their own sex. Though they have most of the graces, women are not exempt from some of the failings, of humanity. Their greatest obstacle will be a certain inaptitude for political affairs, due to the segregation of centuries: but this is already being remedied, and they will learn by the experience from which men have profited so slowly. They will make mistakes, of course: but they will make progress, and sooner or later they will help to make history that is worth while, when the swords of the nations have indeed been beaten into plowshares and liberty and equality are founded enduringly on reason. It is not without significance that the great peace movement and the great franchise movement synchronize. Women, as a sex, are finer, if less balanced, than men. They may not aim at the stars, but they will not be content with moonshine through latticed windows. They will not change the world by waving a magic wand—though the world would be better for some slight changes. But both im-

pulse and sustained aspiration will lead them toward the heights. And good intentions are not always reserved for paving purposes.

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A GOOD deal has been heard recently—and naturally—of Arnold Bennett, and there is a tendency to attribute to him, by those who have read *The Truth about an Author*, an over-insistence upon the mechanical, routine side of a professional writer's work. He is regarded as the preacher of a gospel of efficiency, indeed; but there is supposed to be something repellent in his viewpoint, a hard, metallic ring in his assured utterances. It should not be forgotten that the book referred to was a comparatively early work, completed while he was still not fully aware of his own possibilities; while he was still pressing on—as each of us presses on, though sometimes the pressure is extremely gradual—to the discovery of his own character and the comprehension of his destiny; to the unveiling of the stranger within the gates. He was concerned in those earlier days largely, though not entirely, with the superficial; he placed undue emphasis, perhaps, upon commercial ability, self-confidence, the adjustment of the man to the environment. But he at no time despised the “inspiration” of the artist: he only saw clearly, and proclaimed dogmatically, that self-regulation can be carried to a far higher degree than the wayward imagine; that mere moods have been hedged with unwarranted divinity; and that the finest form of creative work does not result from alcoholic excitement or auto-intoxication, but from the functioning of a system that has been brought into perfect order, from mental dynamo to physical furnace. His devotion to detail remains excessive; he suggests a photographer rather than a painter of pictures. But there are ways in which photographs of the crowded streets or quiet by-paths of life may excel in value the more pretentious painting. The one depends largely upon the material, the other upon the interpreter and transformer. Yet there are degrees in photography, where personality also counts. The great photographer is not less than an artist. And whether *The Old Wives' Tale* and *Clayhanger* be regarded as photography, or painting of superb skill in minutiae,—every brick standing out in every wall, every wrinkle in every face—they cannot be regarded with indifference.